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Mr. Wallace and Evolutionary Problems.

THOSE who are familiar with the controversies which raged on the appearance of Mr. Darwin's *Origin of Species* and for long years afterwards, concerning the questions raised by that famous book, must be well aware that after the lapse of half-a-century both the contending parties have materially altered their position. On the one hand, those who opposed and repudiated the new teaching are largely prepared to accept without a murmur a great deal that seemed to them to be subversive of all religion and philosophy; on the other hand, much that was set forth by some of the leaders, and still more of their followers, on the other side, and which naturally aroused suspicion and apprehension in the opposite camp, has been tacitly abandoned by the more authoritative evolutionists. Not many would now be found to maintain as was so commonly done, as if it were a dogma of faith, that no species of plants or animals was ever transformed into another, or even to deny that probably, or possibly, it is thus that those now existing have been produced. At the same time, the more enthusiastic expectations have not been realized which were widely entertained by those who supposed that in Natural Selection as expounded by Darwin was to be found a key to unlock all mysteries whether within the realm of Nature or beyond: for it becomes more and more certain as evidence accumulates how much there is in earth and heaven that is beyond the range of his philosophy. Nay, even within the limits of his own particular studies, it cannot be said that Darwinism enjoys the prestige that once it did amongst scientific men.

This being the case, uncommon interest and importance must needs attach to the recent work in which the whole question of organic evolution is discussed by Mr. Alfred Russel Wallace.¹ Not only will he ever be remembered as the associate of Darwin in first promulgating what has come to be known as

¹ *The World of Life* (Chapman and Hall).

the Darwinian theory, but during more than half a century which has since elapsed he has given proof of his continued interest in the system he did so much to inaugurate, and of the unceasing zeal with which he has accumulated evidence that seemed to bear upon it. At the same time, he has not hesitated to set forth what he deemed to be limitations forbidding us to accept it as a full and adequate explanation of Nature as a whole; his outspoken utterances in this respect having, as is clear, frequently much disappointed Mr. Darwin.

Now this wonderful veteran—in his eighty-ninth year—comes forward to give the world his matured conclusions on the subjects which have to so great an extent occupied his life. The book will doubtless be very differently regarded by the adherents of the two parties, which have never wholly forgotten the controversies excited by the doctrine of evolution, for each will find much to quote on its own behalf.

As in his other works, Mr. Wallace here proclaims himself not only as a thorough-going evolutionist, but a believer in Natural Selection as the means by which evolution has been wrought, through advantageous variations having been preserved and developed by survival of the fittest in the struggle for life. In support of this belief he argues at length from his own experience and observation, dealing with various aspects of the question which in his opinion have not hitherto been sufficiently considered, as for example, some connected with the distribution of plants and animals, migration, and the profuse production of insect life—even in the case of such creatures as mosquitoes; his aim being, as he says, “to show natural selection actually at work in constantly perfecting that wonderful co-adaptation of the most diverse forms of life which pervades all nature.” In particular, he draws attention to what he styles “Recognition Marks,” which he considers to be a hitherto neglected field of enquiry in the study of animal life, but which he claims to exhibit as of great importance—perhaps absolutely essential—in the evolution of new species. Moreover, he sets himself strenuously to combat certain objections commonly brought against his favourite theory, as, for example, the difficulty of explaining the first beginnings of new organs; the exact co-ordination with rapidity and certainty of variations needed to produce any beneficial result; the excessive development which is found to have frequently taken place, of bulk, of weapons, of ornaments, and of colours,—far beyond any utilitarian

requirements; which therefore cannot be supposed to have rendered their possessors more fit than others to survive. Having discussed these difficulties, Mr. Wallace contends that there is none which cannot be sufficiently explained by some extensions of Darwin's theory leaving it essentially unimpaired as the main factor of evolution. He declares that the facts which he has marshalled constitute a sufficient reply to those ill-informed persons who keep up the parrot-cry that the Darwinian theory is insufficient to explain the formation of new species by survival of the fittest: and he claims that these facts serve to rule out of court as hopelessly inefficient, and even ludicrously inadequate, such proposed substitutes for Darwinism as Mendelism or the "Mutationism" of De Vries.

Mr. Wallace might thus appear to satisfy the most extreme requirements of his system and of those who stand as its representatives. But upon other points, of a more fundamental character, he will undoubtedly be found wanting by what claim to be genuine Darwinians, as he would certainly have been by Darwin himself. For them, the main thing is that Natural Selection should be recognized as a sufficient explanation of all that has gone to produce the various species of animals and plants, by a mechanical process which does not require to be supplemented by any other factor introducing an element of purpose or design. As Darwin himself declared, his system would absolutely break down could it be shown that any organ, however complex, might not possibly be produced by numerous, successive, slight modifications, originating in casual variation, perpetuated and developed by Natural Selection on account of their practical utility; and by Darwinians generally it is usually taken for granted that such possibility may be assumed as a first principle.

Mr. Wallace, however, places in the forefront of his discussion "a popular yet critical examination of those underlying fundamental problems which Darwin purposely excluded from his works as being beyond the scope of his enquiry: such as the nature and causes of Life itself; and more especially of its most fundamental and mysterious powers—growth and reproduction."

As the chief result of this critical examination he arrives at a conclusion which it seems quite impossible to reconcile with the teaching of ordinary Darwinians. Selecting certain objects for special consideration, as easily accessible examples of what

is constantly going on in every part of every living thing—such as the structure of a bird's feather, the marvellous transformations of the higher insects, and more especially the highly elaborated wing-scales of butterflies and moths, he is thus led to recognize

the absolute necessity for an organizing and directing Life-Principle in order to account for the very possibility of these complex outgrowths.

I argue [he continues] that they necessarily imply first a Creative Power, which so constituted matter as to render these marvels possible; next a directive Mind, which is demanded at every step of what we term growth, and often look upon as so simple and natural a process as to require no explanation; and lastly, an ultimate Purpose, in the very existence of the whole vast life-world in all its long course of evolution throughout the eons of geological time. This Purpose, which alone throws light on many of the mysteries of its mode of evolution, I hold to be the development of Man, the one crowning product of the whole cosmic process of life-development; the only being which can to some extent comprehend nature; which can perceive and trace out her modes of action; which can appreciate the hidden forces and motions everywhere at work, and can deduce from them a supreme and over-ruling Mind as their necessary cause.

It will doubtless be agreed alike by the most extreme evolutionists and their opponents that Mr. Wallace here touches the one question that is of real importance, for on the one hand no theist can have any serious difficulty in accepting a system which includes a directing intelligence at the back of Nature, nor on the other hand will such a system at all satisfy those for whom the absence of such an element constitutes the great merit of the philosophy they have adopted.

The conclusions which our author draws from these considerations are the same as have been ever suggested by the contemplation of Nature to those who find in her evidence of a power which transcends her own, and who are unable to understand how so many acute and intelligent minds fail to realize what to themselves appears so obvious. The argument set forth by Mr. Wallace is therefore not novel, though his deep and extensive acquaintance with Nature enables him to present it in a manner which may appeal as with fresh interest to some minds. Of the objects specified, none seems to him more significant than what he terms "the Marvel and Mystery of Feathers," in which has been elaborated an apparatus which might otherwise have been deemed impossible.

To him it appears that, looked at as a whole, a bird's wing is of all mechanical organic organs that which most clearly implies the working out of a preconceived design in a new and, it might be thought, a most difficult manner, yet with most perfect success. The idea to be realized was to reduce the sustaining skeleton to a minimum of bulk and maximum of strength, while enlarging it where needful to give room for the muscles used in flight, and at the same time to produce as its perfect instrument a surface combining great strength, extreme lightness, and perfect flexibility. To this end, the plan of a continuous membrane, adopted in the case of flying reptiles (pterodactyls), and afterwards in that of flying mammals (bats), was discarded, and instead was substituted

a series of broad overlapping oars or vanes, formed by a central rib of extreme strength, elasticity, and lightness, with a web on each side made up of myriads of parts or outgrowths so wonderfully attached and interlocked as to form a self-supporting highly elastic structure of almost inconceivable delicacy, very easily pierced or ruptured by the impact of solid substances, yet able to sustain almost any amount of air-pressure without injury. And even when any part of this delicate web is injured by separating the adjacent barbs from each other, they are so wonderfully constructed that the pressure and movement of other feathers over them causes them to unite together as firmly as before; and this is done not by any process of growth, or any adhesive exudation, but by the mechanical structure of the delicate hooked lamellae of which they are composed.

These elaborate structures are multiplied with boundless profusion: even in the smallest wing-feathers there are probably a hundred thousand: in the quill-feathers of a crane, more than a million.

Moreover, feathers serve other purposes besides flight. They clothe the whole body and limbs with a garment of extreme lightness, almost completely impervious to either heat or cold. They likewise make a bird the most beautiful of living things, instead of the most ugly and absurd. "A young bird makes us laugh, when its feathers have grown, the same bird makes Shelley write an immortal ode."¹

It must further be noted that there is a vast difference between this instrument of flight and all others in nature:

¹ See *New Thoughts on Evolution*, by Harold Begbie, in which is recorded an interview with Mr. Wallace, published with his approval.

It is not, except during actual growth, a part of the living organism, but a mechanical instrument, which the organism has built up, and which ceases to form an integral part of it—is, in fact, dead matter. Hence in no part of the fully grown feather is there any blood circulation or muscular attachment, except as regards the base. . . . This beautiful and delicate structure is therefore subject to wear and tear which render [it] less able to fulfil [its] various purposes.

Provision is therefore made for the annual renewal of every feather by the process called moulting. The important wing-feathers, on which the very existence of most birds depends, are discarded successively in pairs at such intervals as to allow the new growth to be well advanced before the next pair are thrown off, so that the bird never loses its power of flight, though this may be somewhat impaired during the process. The rest of the plumage is replaced somewhat more rapidly.

In the same connexion, the question of growth has likewise to be considered, which also presents itself in every other particular of organic life. This, as Mr. Wallace observes, though so universally observable in fact that with most people it ceases to excite wonder or curiosity, is nevertheless to this day absolutely inexplicable. It starts with a cell—a minute mass of protoplasm—a substance held to be the physical basis of life. This, chemically considered, is the most complex substance known. Into its composition at least a dozen elements are found to enter; the mode of their combination is quite beyond the reach of chemical analysis; and the atomic structure of the proteids in particular, which are included, is so wonderfully complex as to be almost impossible of determination.

How with this material a feather is constructed, Mr. Wallace proceeds to say :

A full-grown wing-feather may consist of more than a million distinct parts—the barbules, which give the feather its essential character, whether as an organ of flight or a mere covering and heat-preserver of the body. But these barbules are themselves highly specialized bodies with definite forms and surface-texture, attaching each one to its next lateral barbule, and, by a kind of loose hook-and-eye formation, to those of the succeeding barb. Each of these barbules must therefore be built up of many thousands of cells (probably many millions), differing considerably in form and powers of cohesion, in order to produce the exact strength, elasticity, and continuity of the whole web.

Now each feather “grows,” as we say, out of the skin, each one

from a small group of cells, which must be formed and nourished by the blood, and is reproduced each year to replace that which falls away at moulting time. But the same blood supplies material for every other part of the body—builds up and renews the muscles, the bones, the viscera, the skin, the nerves, the brain. What then is the *selective or directing* power which extracts from the blood at every point where required the exact constituents to form here bone-cells, there muscle-cells, there again feather-cells, each of which possesses such totally distinct properties? . . . Yet again, what is the nature of the power which determines that every separate feather shall always “grow” into its exact shape? For no two feathers of the twenty or more which form each wing, or those of the tail, or even of the thousands on the whole body, are exactly alike, . . . and many of these are modified in the strangest way for special purposes. Again, what *directive* agency determines the distribution of the colouring matter (also conveyed by the blood) so that each feather shall take its exact share in the production of the whole pattern and colouring of the bird, which is immensely varied, yet always symmetrical as a whole, and has always a purpose, either of concealment or recognition, or sexual attraction in its proper time and place.

The scales which paint a butterfly's wing introduce another consideration. The only object which they can be shown to serve is the production of beauty,—beauty more wonderful even than that found in the plumage of birds. But what renders this still more wonderful is that, unlike the bird's feathers, these scales are not functionally essential to the insect's existence, and appear to serve no practical purpose. They seem to be an added superstructure for the mere purpose of adornment, and there is little doubt that the insects themselves are unable to perceive their beauty, which exists only for the benefit of higher animals, as these in some cases are thus enabled to recognize their prey, and in others are repelled from what are or seem to be unsavoury morsels, to say nothing of the delight afforded to human artists and butterfly-collectors. But how can this account for the infinite art expended on these most lovely of Nature's creations? Certainly not by Darwinian Evolution. “The scales on the wings of a moth have no explanation in Evolution. They belong to Beauty, and Beauty is a spiritual mystery.”¹

Still more imperatively does this conclusion appeal to Mr. Wallace when he regards man. “Nothing in evolution can account for the soul of man. The difference between man and

¹ *New Thoughts on Evolution, ut sup.*

the other animals is unbridgeable." It was on this point especially, as Mr. Wallace says, that Darwin himself was "quite distressed" by his friend's rejection of his own conclusions.

It is evident that additional years of observation and reflection have not at all dispelled the objections entertained by Mr. Wallace, and he still finds it a cause for wonder that so many naturalists fail to take any account of what appears so clearly evident. As he says,

In none of the volumes on the physiology of animals that I have consulted can I find any attempt to grapple with the fundamental question of the directive power that, in every case, first secretes, or as it were *creates*, out of the protoplasm of the blood, special molecules adapted for the production of each *material*, bone, muscle, nerve, skin, hair, feather, . . . carries each molecule to the exact part of the body where and when they are required, and brings into play the complex forces that alone can build up so strangely complex a structure.

To myself, not all that has been written about the *properties* of protoplasm or the *innate forces* of the cell, neither the physiological units of Herbert Spencer, the pangenesis hypothesis of Darwin, nor the continuity of the germ-plasm of Weismann, throw the least glimmer of light on this great problem.

Some notable opponents of his view he thus summarily dismisses :

It will be seen that the alleged explanation—the eternal material universe—does not touch the necessity, becoming more clear every day, *not* for blind laws and forces, but for immanent direction and organizing MIND acting on and in every living cell of every living organism during every moment of its existence. I think I have sufficiently shown that without this, life, as we know it, is altogether unthinkable. No "eternal" existence of matter will make this in the remotest degree imaginable. It is this difficulty which the "monists" and the "eternalists" of the Haeckel and Verworn type absolutely shirk, putting us off with the wildest and most contradictory assertions as to what they have proved.

A strange fallacy, which though it nowise impairs the force of his argument as we have considered it, yet serves to demonstrate once more how inadequate is our modern "science" to take the place of sound philosophy, leads Mr. Wallace to adopt a system which may remind us of Gnosticism in the early Christian centuries.

To say nothing of his well-known inclination towards spiritualism, he considers it absurd "to claim the Infinite and Eternal Being as the one and only direct agent in every detail

of the universe," and accordingly he concludes that the working out of the general plan has been delegated to minor intelligences, by whatever name they may be called, to whose continued agency is to be attributed the almost infinite variety of forms, motions, and reactions exhibited in creation. The idea appears to be that, if not beyond the grasp of the Infinite and Eternal, it is beneath His dignity to concern Himself with such minutiae; which is as though we should say that the sun which regulates the courses of planets and the tides of oceans cannot be supposed to act directly in painting every rainbow, elaborating chlorophyl for every blade of grass, or hatching every tadpole over the earth's surface.

Leaving such fancies aside, there can be no question as to the value of this latest contribution to the literature of Evolution. Many years ago, Sir Charles Lyell, who had warmly welcomed the appearance of Darwin's great work, for which his own Geology had done much to prepare the way, when he had time to realize the significance of the new theory, and to compare it with the sweeping statements of enthusiasts, candidly acknowledged that to him the old "Creation" appeared to be almost as much required as ever. And now, there comes forward Darwin's own colleague and partner in the discovery of Darwinism to tell us that another factor in the production of the world for which old-fashioned philosophers have always contended is as much required as ever, namely, a designer whose Mind contrived all those marvels which it is the glory of science to disclose. No one can pretend that Mr. Wallace does not understand what Darwin's system really is, and what is the evidence by which it is supported, or that he lacks zeal on its behalf; yet now we find him insisting that amongst the forces of which Nature gives clearest evidence is this one with which we are constantly assured Darwinism enables us altogether to dispense. His line of argument—as we have heard it—is radically the same as that of old Paley, which many with far less claim to authority are accustomed to deride as being unscientific and antiquated. Where he differs from Paley is only in his fuller knowledge of natural phenomena, enabling him greatly to amplify the argument which they furnish. And the conclusion at which he has arrived is that not merely here and there in Nature, but everywhere, in her most minute operations to which man's observation has been able to penetrate, there is Purpose and a continual Guidance and Control.

J. G.

The Writings of Father Robert Hugh Benson.

(WITH DIGRESSIONS.)

I WAS calling on a friend in Westminster the other day, and finding him engaged, was shown into his own room to wait. It was a cosy kind of den, full of attractions, and, after looking around for a few minutes, I began to examine his books. My eye was arrested by a long line of volumes on a shelf near the fire, easily accessible from a well-worn armchair, and with a certain monotony in their author's surname. A foreigner regarding the line might have supposed "Mr. Benson" to be an exhaustive writer who was somehow addicted to forgetting his Christian name, and who made use, therefore, of a variety of initials as they came into his head when he signed his manuscripts, A. C., E. F., R. H., or M. I smiled as I stood staring at them, and my friend came in and caught me at it.

"Yes," he observed, "I am suffering from Bensonitis."

"So it would seem," I said. "And the symptoms of the complaint?"

"Those," said he, "and a desire for more."

I thought his attack violent, and I said so, for there were at least thirty volumes before us; but I understood and was sympathetic. My thoughts went back to the days when I myself had had the Brontë mania, till my family had anathematized the whole lot of them.

My friend put out his hand and drew forth a blue-covered book from the line. "This is one of the best," he said. It was *The Papers of a Pariah*. I was surprised (though to some extent I agreed with him), for he was not a Catholic, and though he might appreciate to the full the literary charm of the book, I knew he could not get behind. Perhaps he was one of those people who care less for what a writer says than the way he says it; and I knew the way this was said left little to desire.

"The worst of it is," he added, "it's a little wild."

"Wild?" I asked. "I should have thought one would have said cultivated."

"Exactly: so one would. The most attractive gardens are those which are both wild and cultivated. Now this book . . . Well, perhaps I don't quite understand it."

"I don't think you do," I said. "And that is why you like it so much."

"Yes," he said. "The sense of mystery . . . Shall we have some tea?"

Father Benson is a young writer, and has leapt with the alacrity and precision of youth into the front rank of living novelists. And yet, it is a matter for debate whether anyone has ever "leapt" into any front rank, least of all a writer. There is a good deal of active service to be gone through before arriving, as the reputed leapers will tell you. Of course, if we recall the Magazines, and the seductive interior they often show us as "Mr. So-and-so-the-literary-lion's study," we do not feel like that; especially if Mr. So-and-so be seated there himself, bland and well-groomed, at his knee-hold table. That knee-hold table is an official piece of furniture, and I have my suspicions as to the part it plays in the life of its novelist! I wonder, indeed, if books are ever written there at all. One of the hardest-working and most successful of our story-tellers did much of his work in bed, a far more likely and fertile sphere of inspiration than the knee-hold table! Those amiable, suburban-villa studies, with their serene tidiness, calf-editioned bookshelves, and French windows opening on to the lawn, or even the Art-nouveau kind, are to be mistrusted. Real work, the active service that cuts a way through all ranks to the front, is planned and executed somewhere else. This literary life, for all its secret joy, is a hard, laborious, "sweating system" at times, I imagine. What of the long hours of application, the toiling hand, the brain that far outspeeds it, whirling to-day like an electric fan, to-morrow perhaps dull and inactive, so that one must turn a handle, as it were, and grind and grind and grind? Then the endless search and research, the planning and adjusting and sometimes wrenching into form; the correspondence and the contests with publishers, the corrections and revisions and recasts! I am told this is how much of it is done; not perhaps the Best, but most of it is not the Best,—that comes only once or twice in a lifetime, and when it does seems hardly the fruit of labour at all, but something higher. This looks like a digression! It is one.

Father Benson's books have been very well received, but I do not think the taste of the British public is for them. It reads them indeed, but it prefers the Baroness d'Orczy, or Marie Corelli, or the *Daily Mail*.

It might be observed that it does not matter much what the British public likes. Yet the British Public constitutes a very large proportion of our nation; it is found, and it is evident, everywhere; its tastes are pronounced and assertive, and it has a way of misunderstanding many things that are really excellent. Also, it makes mistakes. In embryo, it stood by while the Papacy and the Hierarchy were expelled from England: in infancy, it cut off the head of Charles I.; in manhood, it has built the London suburbs; and now it calls the books of Father Benson "funny"!

I have not thought them "funny" myself, though I have thought at least one of them unique. It seems to me that *Richard Raynal* is unique: and I must confess that when I first read it, I did not in the least know what to do with it.

Men should be judged, not by their tint of skin,
The gods they serve, the vintage that they drink;
Nor by the way they love or fight or sin,
But by the quality of thought they think.

And so with books. But though one knew the quality of thought in *Richard Raynal* to be excellent, and the quality of the work equally so, it was difficult to class.

It was so satisfying to all parts of one, appreciable by so many different minds; so full of the new and the old mysticism, so devotional, so æsthetically pleasing; such a gem as literature, —and yet, the simplest thing on earth!

At first I tried it on a shelf of devotional books; then I placed it with *Marius the Epicurean* and *John Inglesant*. Next I tried how it felt with the *Rubaiyat* and Shelley! But it did not stay long there, and I shifted it back to the devotional set. That was after reading it a third time, and there it remains to this day, except when I am reading it, or, as the child said of her treasures when she turned them over, "loving" it.

Does Mr. Bane invent his beautiful Hindu stories, or are they from a veritable manuscript? Did Father Benson write *Richard Raynal*, *Solitary*, or merely translate and adapt it; or some of each? The introduction is not at all convincing! Anyhow, we have it; and to him we are indebted.

Its simplicity and dignity ; its intimate touch with Nature—the clean breath of spring—the smell of the earth after rain, and that subtle sense that comes with it—the unconscious portrayal of the open air as the place God made for man to dwell in, and of beasts and birds as his peaceable companions there ; all the conviction, the clear vision that comes of solitude of the right kind—these things place the book very high. The sweet out-of-door feeling is there, the out-of-door feeling of England in pleasant weather I mean, almost as one found it years ago in the *Faerie Queene*—something quite other than the open-air of Italy or Northern Africa, or the sense Mr. Hudson gives us in his delightful South American stories.

Father Benson has indeed a very rare and delicate gift of description. It seems that he takes the very essence of beauty from the things he wishes to show us, and makes of it an atmosphere that pervades and penetrates and clothes his writing, till the words and sentences become one with the thing they represent. And this is more rare among writers in the treatment of concrete things than of ideas. It is a great attainment, the identity of words with that of which they speak.

Think of all Sir John's account of Richard's retreat in the woods, and this at the end :

I cannot tell you, my children, of the peace of this place. The little house, and indeed the whole circle of the meadow set about with trees, was always to me as a mansion in paradise. There were no sounds here but the songs of the birds and the running of the water and the wind in the trees ; and no sight of any other world but this, except in winter when the hill over against the hut showed itself through the branches not three hundred paces away. On all sides the woods rose to the sky. I think that the beasts knew the peace of the place. I have often seen a stag unafraid watching Master Richard as he dug, or walked on his path ; the robins would follow him, and the little furry creatures sit round him with ears on end. And he told me, too, that never since he had come to the place had blood fallen on the ground except his own when he scourged himself. The hunting-weasel never came here, though the conies were abundant ; the stags never fought here, though there was a fair ground for a battlefield. It was a peace that passed understanding, and what that peace is the apostle tells us.

And elsewhere :

He awoke at dawn in an extraordinary sweetness within and without, and as he walked in his white habit beneath the solemn beech-trees,

his soul opened wide to salute the light that rose little by little, pouring down on him through the green roof. The air was like clear water, he said, running over stones, brightening without concealing their colours ; and he drank it like wine. He had that morning in his contemplation what came to him very seldom, and I do not know if I can describe it, but he said it was the sense that the air he breathed was the essence of God, that ran shivering through his veins, and dropped like sweet myrrh from his fingers. There was the savour of it on his lips, piercing and delicate, and in his nostrils.

Who that has read *The Necromancers* can forget the sense of refreshment and well-being in that chapter which follows on the night of horror, a chapter that seems not to deal merely with the dawn, but to *be* the dawn itself. It is the early morning ; that morning after that night.

It is said of the girl and boy :

They stood together now in a spiritual garden, of which this lovely morning was no more than a clumsy translation into another tongue. There stirred an air about them which was as wine to the soul, a coolness and clearness that was beyond thought, in a radiance that shone through all that was bathed within it, as sunlight that filtered through water.

That is almost how we stand as we read the chapter. It is a perfect piece of writing. The delicacy, the life, the freshness of it, are wonderful. It is everything one wants.

Here is one more picture of this kind, and not the least beautiful of them, from *The Papers of a Pariah*.

Many years ago I was in Italy, where the air is like water, and the water like wine. Morning by morning I awoke to the crying of the swifts outside, drawing long icy breaths of freshness, seeing the netted sunshine shake on the ceiling from the jug of water on the floor, hearing the rustle of the leaves below my window. There, in Italy, the morning struck the key of the day ; the world was alive there, and as good as God made it, and everything was in His hand.

What a writer of mornings ! And one thinks here of Browning's *Pippa* at the break of her one "own day ;" and she, too, was in Italy !

Father Benson's later books are gaining greatly in facility and command of style. Some of his earlier writing is, perhaps, in places a little stilted, feeling about, as it were, for perfect form. It is not so, certainly, in *Richard Raynal*, though that is

an early book; but then, is there a fault in that at all? It is of the Best. All trace of this uneasiness has disappeared in *The Conventionalists*, which has a graceful, natural, altogether pleasing style, with a very marked character of its own, and full of that liveliness of mind which lies behind all the "Benson Books."

And what a remarkable book it is! Surely, extraordinarily clever? I do not remember to have read one that was so interesting, in the full sense of the word, for years. All Father Benson's books are books worth reading slowly, and many are for reading again and again, which is a test of their merit, but this one especially. It wears so well: it "gives to think," as the French say. There is so much that is suggestive, such insight, and unerring power of presentment.

The main conception of the book is a great one: to many it must have come as a surprise, if not a revelation. Here is the definite, the unmistakable claim of the spiritual world upon the material, and its action upon it, made evident to us whether we will or no. We have

a rather uninteresting boy. . . . For in all outward matters, even in matters of heart and head, Algy was uninteresting. He was not particularly clever; he was not attractively impulsive; his manners were not especially anything. He had done nothing great; he never would; nothing particularly important turned upon him. Yet there was something in him that mattered.

And this boy is chosen out, without any apparent reason, from a family and environment which are abnormal in no way, unless abnormally ordinary, himself even unconscious at first of what is happening, and holding back later with just that resistance which would be natural,—is chosen out to walk with princes of the spiritual life, in "the cold and piercing silence" of the cloister.

Apprehendi te ab extremis terrae, et a longinquis ejus vocavi te: elegi te, et non abjeci te: ne timeas, quia ego tecum sum.

Without apparent reason to the world at large—and yet we are told, "I knew in a manner I cannot describe at all, that underneath that uninteresting Algy there was something unique in my own small experience. It was genius that I perceived there, and genius in a plane of which not one in a thousand people takes any account at all. I perceived, I say, and later events are beginning to show whether I was right or no, that

here was a soul endowed with certain faculties which, to my mind, are sublimely the highest in existence."

Father Benson has undertaken to show us the beginnings of a true vocation; the undeniable calling of the Supreme Voice; the taking hold of a human soul and drawing it from afar; and has done it in a very remarkable way. He has done it through the medium of a novel which is nothing if not modern; which treats, indeed, of things of this very hour and modes of life familiar to us all, and which does not belong at all to the class of books with a purpose. It is a great thing to have attempted, and greater to have attained. At least that is what I think about it. Father Benson has the faculty for making dull people interesting in a very marked degree. The Banisters must have been extremely tedious to live with, but they are intensely amusing to read about. "The beautiful naturalness of them," exclaimed a girl I know, as she read the other day, "They're not a bit like people in a book," and I thought the criticism excellent. It is true they are a type, and therefore perhaps accentuated (which is not to say exaggerated), but it is quite saddening to think how often one has met them. And suppose one were really that sort oneself without knowing it!

I was talking some time ago to a man whom I should deem a psychological second cousin of theirs; at any rate he was near enough to feel a pang of resentment at their exposure! It was a shame, he said. Those poor old people! They were really quite a good sort, natural and all that. He really did not see, &c.; which was, as I pointed out, precisely what the writer had conveyed; in fact, he had said it in so many words. But something uncomfortable was still stirring within my friend, and I am afraid it always will when he thinks of that book. He sided with the Banisters.

Well, it is not only people of their kind who have their conventions. We all have them, whatever our circumstances, and though we are not all conventionalists, there seems to be no escape. Perhaps what really matters is that one should know they are there, and wish to escape; that one should have the open eye, the spirit of detachment that estimates them all at their true value or their true worthlessness, as the case may be. And then, if we really *are* conventional, would it not be the most ungainly and disastrous thing to lay ourselves out to be otherwise? Think of it. It would lead to Mormonism, or Theosophy, or Christian Science, or something terrific of that kind!

I have said that the British public are not for Father Benson's books ; but there are plenty of people who are, people one credits with discernment, insight, and culture, for the very good reason that one knows they have them. How is it that persons who have all these qualities, and use them in the action of life, can and do so seldom apply them to their judgment of books? I have met people of this kind who read all Father Benson's books with interest, yet curiously misunderstand them, or fail in appreciation.

Is it perhaps that among educated Catholics there is a tendency to circumscribe the sphere of writing for a priest ; that the standard by which his work is judged is a peculiar one, and the sense of the "suitable" perhaps over-delicate? That among Protestants the same feeling exists (and if so, by the way, it would be another of those unconscious tributes they so often pay the priesthood!)? Of the three persons I have known who were most intensely appreciative of Father Benson's books, two were persons of no religious "persuasion" at all, agnostics ; and the third was an "old" Catholic.

Objections have been made to *The Sentimentalists*, and indeed it is quite easy to make them. Yet it seems obvious that it is for sentimentalists the book is designed ; and if so, I know of one at least to whom it has served its purpose. Just that which is conveyed in it could not be conveyed in any other way than precisely as it is, exactly as the cure effected upon Chris could not have been done in any other way than it was. It is not necessary always to say clearly all one means, but it is sometimes. And then, again, of *The Necromancers*,—it has been called "horrible," and indeed it is so : wherein lies, as regards what one deems to be the purpose of the book, its effectiveness. To object to the book because it is horrible seems to me a mistake. It is horrible because the evil with which it deals is so.

We are very susceptible in these days, and fastidious. The London County Council (is it?) makes even our dust-bins of shining zinc, with a lid to them (and a very good thing too!). We can only read Dante because we have elaborate notes at the bottom of the page explaining that all his images are symbolical. If we thought, as most of them did in Dante's days, that he meant what he said, we should be quite shocked. By reason of this delicacy much of the evil in modern books is treated with a certain attractiveness, or it seems at least

plausible, with an appearance of good. Not so in *The Necromancers*. Here we have none of that. The revolting revolts, sin is sin, fire is fire; spiritualism is what it is. And the fact is pretty boldly declared. The poison is not in a golden cup, but served up in a green bottle with a scarlet label, and if you drink it after that you have yourself to blame. If we are in Mrs. Stapleton's vein we should even say that the colour of the cover is significant. Surely it is rather an evil shade? The Catholic Church has ever forbidden "all dealing with the devil and superstitious practices, such as consulting spiritualists and fortune-tellers, and trusting to charms, omens, dreams, and such-like fooleries." And yet—is it only those outside her pale to-day who are showing interest in these things and giving credence to them?

Father Benson is fond of writing about people whom God, as it were, *takes in hand*; people who seem to have no choice at all in the matter of their own destiny, but are under some supernatural compulsion, as Algy was in *The Conventionalists*, as Richard Raynal was, as Frank is in the new book, *None other Gods*. One cannot, therefore, judge of his characters quite as one would of the average man in a book. They do unusual things, and behave in an unusual way, and are unusual people because of the supernatural atmosphere in which they live. Their manner of life and action is placed rather above criticism.

Frank, in *None other Gods*, cast off by an irrational and indignant father (the writer of early Victorian letters!), declares that he will go on the roads, gets his *exeat* from Cambridge, and disappears from respectable society: he wants "to test things for himself;" he consorts with tramps, lives, walks, and works as a tramp. So far his behaviour, especially if it had lasted, as his friends imagined it would, for a few weeks only, is merely that of a somewhat obstinate and freakish boy, and though unusual is quite natural. Obstinance and freakishness are natural. But long before the few weeks are up, the Hand has come down upon him, and taken him, to speak simply, out of the natural into the supernatural. Things began to happen inside, as he would have put it, and while he is walking on the English highways as a tramp, imprisoned, half-starving, desperately ill, his soul is led through the Purgative, Illuminative, and Unitive Ways of Mystic Theology. (I don't really know what Mystic Theology is, but I feel it is the right term to use here!) He is filled with a holy purpose—though he is

not apparently conscious of it himself as a holy purpose, but merely as something that *has to be done*,—of restoring an unmarried girl, whom he meets in company with a blackguard, to her parents. He accomplishes his purpose with little tact and much persistency, and meets his own death at the hands of "Gertie's" evil associate.

The story is very sad, and somewhat oddly written, being in parts (notably that concerning Frank's sojourn with Dr. Whitty) a veritable essay in suggestiveness. The dash is so frequently made use of in conversation that one gets sometimes to feel quite incoherent! It makes one think of Mr. Henry James in his later work, and of something nice of Lewis Carroll's:

The little fishes' answer was,
"We cannot do it, sir, because——"

Anyhow, it is all very absorbing. There are things in it, too, passages dealing with what I suppose one would call phases of the spiritual life, with experiences of the soul, especially the soul of a convert, which are wonderful in their insight and clearness of presentment. That mood is spoken of into which, perhaps, most thoughtful and sensitive converts must fall at times, of utter despondency and scepticism, when some opaque blind, as it were, is drawn down before the eyes of faith, when spiritual things seem unreal to the verge of impossibility, and physical things worthless.

Jenny had once been a living person who loved him; once there had been a thing called Religion. But that existed no longer. He had touched reality at last.

So Father Benson concludes two vivid, skilful, and miserable pages of this kind, and then shows us in a few words the effect of it all on the soul, with the very consoling assurance that the outcome of even this may be good if one will but be resolute.

He was conscious that it had been possible for him to doubt the value of everything; he was aware that there was a certain mood in which nothing seemed worth while. . . . One thing or the other must be the effect of such a mood, in which—even though only for an hour or two—all things other than physical take on themselves an appearance of illusiveness: either the standard is lowered and these things are treated as slightly doubtful, or the will sets its teeth and

determines to live by them, whether they are doubtful or not. And the latter I take to be the most utter form of faith.

(Thank you, Father Benson, and a thousand "thank yous" for that.)

In this book, as in all that Father Benson has written, there is emphasized the intense reality of the spiritual world and the life of that world. *That* indeed seems to be the only reality. It is very good and very convincing to find this :

Religion doesn't seem to me a thing like Art or Music, in which you can take refuge. It either covers everything, or it isn't religion. Religion never has seemed to me (I don't know if I'm wrong) one thing, like other things, so that you can change about and back again. . . . It's either the background and foreground all in one, or it's a kind of game. It's either true, or it's a pretence.

There is little doubt where Father Benson's most distinctive work, and his best work as a writer, is to be found. It lies in the region of spiritual experience, if not quite in the mystical. *Richard Raynal* is surely the best thing he has done ; and there are passages in the historical novels, and scattered here and there throughout his writings, which, though very different in style, are of the same calibre. They are marked by an intense spirituality which wonderfully graces and distinguishes them. Those beautiful chapters in *The King's Achievement*, dealing with the vocation, early religious life, and ordination of Chris ; the record of Algy's experiences in *The Conventionalists*, and the author's own reflections on the Carthusians ; the whole of chapter xviii. in *The Necromancers*, and much of *The Papers of a Pariah*, are instances of this. And in *Lord of the World*, an unpleasing book for the most part, there is that remarkable analysis of mental prayer, of which I give the conclusion :

He was within the veil of things now, beyond the barriers of sense and reflection, in that secret place to which he had learnt the road by endless effort, in that strange region where realities are evident, where perceptions go to and fro with the swiftness of light, where the swaying will catches now this now that act, moulds it and speeds it ; where all things meet, where truth is known and handled and tasted, where God Immanent is one with God Transcendent, where the meaning of the external world is evident through its inner side, and the Church and its mysteries are seen from within a haze of glory.

Father Benson seems able to do in the spiritual sphere of

writing very much what his brother of Cambridge, and Walter Pater have done in the intellectual. As they interpret so well for us the "sensations and ideas" of the mind, so he of the soul. It is owing, perhaps in some degree, to his extraordinary faculty for grasping and dealing with the evasive, but it is owing to a great many other things besides. After all, it is never much good "wondering how" about a person who has a gift of any kind. He just *can*; and there is nothing more to be said.

Well, I understand my friend's attack of "Bensonitis," and I suppose he will get over it, for unfortunately we get over most of the good things of life as well as the bad ones. We are happy people to live in the days of "Benson books," and I, too, should like more of them.

E. K. S.

"Iconoclastic Criticism."

SOMETHING more than a year ago a rather remarkable paper was read in Rome before a crowded and distinguished audience by the Professor of Ecclesiastical History at the Gregorian University, Father Fedele Savio, S.J. The occasion was that of a general meeting of the Accademia di Religione Cattolica, and the assembly met under the presidency of his Eminence Cardinal Rampolla. Taking for his theme "the Popes and popular religious traditions," Father Savio read a carefully-prepared essay, which was published immediately afterwards in a Catholic periodical of Milan, *La Scuola Cattolica*,¹ and it is perhaps worth while to add that, so far as I am aware, no protest or retraction has been evoked by any of the statements to which the Roman Professor there committed himself. The interest of the paper is such that it seems worth while to introduce my present article with a rather close analysis of it.

Father Savio begins by warning his hearers that he is concerned only with *popular* religious traditions, and that he consequently excludes from his field of view anything which could be called a dogmatic tradition, in other words, anything touching upon the deposit of faith bequeathed to the Apostles. But fixing attention only upon those vaguely attested beliefs, for which the acceptance of good people in general is the ultimate guarantee, the writer very appositely remarks that many of these popular traditions appear to the world as if they had so been taken under the ægis of ecclesiastical authority that the credit of the Papacy is pledged to their truth. This, as he points out, is wont to happen in two ways, either because a particular shrine or devotion, which is declared to owe its origin to some supposed revelation or relic or miraculous event, has been enriched by the Holy See with special Indulgences, or because the said tradition is commemorated in official books,

¹ June, 1909.

e.g., the Breviary, Martyrologium, Missal, Calendar, &c., more or less directly connected with the liturgy of the Church. Strange to say, the people who are most determined to make the Church, or at least the Papacy, responsible for the historical accuracy of these traditions belong to two very opposite categories. On the one hand we have the class of those most earnest but sometimes over-zealous Catholics who welcome everything which comes from the Head of the Church with the same unquestioning acceptance with which they would receive a definition of faith. These good people, says Father Savio,

whenever any Catholic scholar raises a doubt regarding any popular tradition for which they consider that the Holy See has made itself responsible, at once take scandal, and though the scholar in question be perfectly loyal to the faith and may have given ample proof of his orthodoxy, nevertheless they cannot divest their minds of the idea that he has somehow been corrupted by the atmosphere of the world or has allowed himself to be sucked into the vortex of that rationalistic spirit which is but too clearly the inheritance of so many of the professors of learning in our generation.

On the other hand, we have a vast array of hostile critics of the Papacy who are persuaded that these questionable traditions are stuffed down the throats of all faithful children of the Holy See and are placed upon the same footing as dogmas of faith, simply because the Popes and the clergy, animated as they are by the most sordid motives, perceive that an exposure of the falsity of these stories could only lead to a great loss of revenue and of influence. What then, we are fain to ask, is the truth? Is it a fact that the Church and the Popes set these popular religious traditions before us as part of the Catholic faith which no one can refuse to accept without imperilling his soul's salvation?

To this question [says Father Savio] every theologian will reply that all popular religious traditions which have no necessary nexus with dogma are purely human traditions, and that consequently they can in no way form part of that sacred deposit of truth which was revealed by the Incarnate Word and by Him entrusted to His Church to be jealously guarded and kept intact for the salvation of future generations. Hence these popular beliefs can be examined, discussed, and, as occasion may require, rejected, like other human traditions which have no sort of religious bearing.

In confirmation of this it should be noted that the Popes

have never shown any wish to define the objective truth of these traditions. When spiritual favours are granted to shrines, devotions, &c., based upon some alleged vision, or the authenticity of some relic, the documents which embody such concessions contain in their reference to these stories some qualifying clause *ut fertur, ut vulgo traditur*, &c. (as it is said, as tradition declares). Moreover, the same writer continues, we must not forget that such concessions are usually made upon the showing of the persons—nearly always Bishops or ecclesiastical dignitaries—who apply for them. It would be difficult for the Popes, whose hands are full of important business, to inquire personally or to have adequate inquiry made into the truth of the facts alleged in these petitions. The responsibility must almost necessarily be left to the prelates or other persons of distinction who press such applications upon the Holy See. Hence the Papal sanction involved by the grant of such spiritual favours amounts to no more than this, that the objective truth of these traditions was honestly believed in by men who *for their day* were men of education and intelligence, men whose word there was no sufficient reason to distrust.

Further, the admissibility of the critical attitude towards popular traditions is not a new idea, or a concession extorted from a reluctant obscurantism by the pressure of scientific progress. More than two centuries ago the illustrious Bollandist, Father Daniel Papebroech, laid down quite clearly the same principles as have just been enunciated. And the fact that since the end of the sixteenth century corrections have been admitted into the Martyrologium and Breviary, certain traditions, formerly embodied in these official books, having been either modified or suppressed, must clearly show that no infallible authority is claimed for the historical statements which they contain.¹ The fact is, that the Popes fully recognize the progress which is continually being made in historical scholarship. Their proper business, however, as the successors of St. Peter, is not to encourage historical studies, but to promote piety. They have accepted in the past certain popular religious traditions, at a time when the belief in these same traditions

¹ For example, in the Roman Breviary, edited by command of St. Pius V., there is included under May 31st, a fanciful legend of St. Petronilla, the supposed daughter of St. Peter the Apostle. In the revision published authoritatively in 1614, under Clement VIII., the whole legend is omitted, and lessons *de communi* are substituted for it. See De Smedt, *Introductio*, p. 497.

was shared by the great majority of educated men, but whenever science succeeds in clearly demonstrating that these legends are unworthy of credence, the Holy See is prepared to welcome any new light which fuller investigation is able to afford.

None the less, there are certain good and worthy people who seem panic-stricken at the idea that the pious beliefs which have long been accepted without dispute, should be called in question by Catholics, and even by priests and Religious.

It seems impossible [says Father Savio] to these good people that any one can be a thoroughly orthodox Catholic and at the same time entertain any doubt about traditions which have been held sacred for centuries, and which have been credited in past ages by men who were as learned as they were holy. Neither can such persons ever come to understand how modern historians in regard of events so remote, can possibly claim to know better than those who lived in times which were much nearer to the days when the traditions arose.

Though Father Savio declines the task of combating these objections in detail, he does not hesitate to condemn unequivocally this "mistaken point of view," which, he adds, "I consider to have most disastrous practical effects upon the cause of Catholic apologetic, seeing that it must in certain cases tend to bring such apologetic into contempt and thus hamper its efficacy." For any complete reply it would be necessary, the same writer maintains, to study the habits of mind of the people in ages when simplicity and ignorance everywhere prevailed, to show how easily the wildest imaginings arose, took root and were propagated far and wide, and to make clear on the other hand the sure progress of historical criticism during recent times, and the vast range of experiences upon which its inductions are based. One very effective illustration of the changed conditions of our times Father Savio does permit himself. Fifty years ago, he says, the recognition of history as a subject of study at the Universities and other educational institutions was practically unknown. At the present day, not only in Italy and Germany, but throughout all Europe and America, and even in such remote lands as Egypt, India, and Japan, there exists a class of persons who find their principal if not their only occupation in historical research, and for whom in many cases such research supplies the means of earning their daily bread. In almost every modern University each faculty has now its historical branch, often with chairs separately appointed

and endowed. In many seats of learning the total number of professors of various branches of history, including such subjects, of course, as the history of law, the history of mathematics, the history of medicine, the history of philosophy, &c., exceeds the number of the whole staff of professors under any earlier dispensation. And Father Savio instances the case of the University of Berlin where, as we may learn from the *Vorlesungs-Verzeichnisse der Universitäten von Deutschland*, &c., the professors more or less directly occupied in the study of some kind of history amount at the present moment to the surprising total of sixty-four.

Is it, then, altogether astonishing that in view of these changed conditions and of the immense number of periodical publications now devoted to the same subject, an advance should have been made in positive knowledge and a notably clearer insight obtained into certain principles of criticism? As the Science of fifty years ago has become obsolete, so in some measure has also the History. We shall undoubtedly have to reform many of our judgments, and we must in any case be prepared to find that the accepted traditions of past ages will be submitted to the severest scrutiny.

For any one [says Father Savio] who understands the present universal competition, we might almost call it the craze, to find new lines of research, it can only be a matter of surprise that all our religious traditions of this kind have not already been thoroughly sifted and weighed. What is certain is that if this work has in any case not yet been done, it soon will be done, and we Catholics must be prepared to see our popular religious traditions regarding relics, churches, shrines, devotions, all of them subjected to the test of historical criticism. Moreover I should like to point out that there are excellent reasons why this scientific examination should be performed by ourselves, by us Catholics, by us priests and religious, before it is done for us by the enemies of our faith. . . . In view more particularly of the danger that the assailants of the Church may rise up against her and seduce the people with the pretext that the Popes and the clergy have taught falsehood, or at least have accepted traditions which are demonstrably untrue, it is of supreme importance that both clergy and laity should be forearmed against this danger, which is unfortunately a very real and imminent one. And for this the one great and necessary means is to insist in season and out of season . . . upon the distinction between the word of God and the word of man, between the truths revealed by Jesus Christ which constitute the deposit of faith, and those beliefs which, however pious and however widely spread, are still founded on traditions which are purely and entirely of human origin.

I have been somewhat minute in reproducing the substance of this address, because the circumstances under which it was delivered, before a fashionable audience in Rome itself, by a professor at the Papal University, must necessarily lend it exceptional weight. It is now rather more than ten years since a series of articles upon "Our Popular Devotions" contributed to *THE MONTH* by the present writer raised quite a little storm of protest in a section of the Catholic press. Even at this distance of time the ripple caused by the disturbance has not entirely subsided—witness for example the words which I have ventured to adopt as a title for this paper.¹ Hence the recent appearance of an essay on the scapular vision in a scholarly and entirely orthodox French periodical² has suggested to me the idea that it might be worth while to cast a backward glance at some of the opinions which ten years ago gave so much offence. Have they or have they not been justified by subsequent developments? Was the attitude then adopted by *THE MONTH* in accord with the principles laid down by Father Savio in the Address that I have been summarizing? It is true that in the series of articles to which reference has just been made, the scapular devotion was not included. It found no place there simply because I could not have honestly spoken my mind without incurring the risk of giving fresh offence and raising another storm.³ But the original idea had been to discuss the history of the Scapular as well as that of the Stations of the Cross, the Rosary, Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, the Nine Fridays, and the rest, and it seems fair now to test the utility of such discussion by some reference to those two studies which specially occasioned protest—I mean the Rosary and the Brown Scapular.

And first, as regards the origin of the Rosary. It would be quite beside my present purpose to recall here any of the very

¹ The phrase "iconoclastic criticism" was recently used in connection with my name in a brief and perfectly courteous reference to my share in the scapular controversy by Dr. Morrisroe. See *The Irish Ecclesiastical Record*, January, 1911, p. 98.

² I refer to Abbé Saltet's paper entitled "Un Faussaire bordelais en 1642" in the *Bulletin de Littérature Ecclésiastique* (January, 1911), a periodical published under the auspices of the Institut Catholique de Toulouse.

³ I subsequently published an article in *The Irish Ecclesiastical Record* (July, 1904) in reply to a series of three contributed to the same periodical by my friend Father Benedict Zimmermann, O.C.D. As this was a professional journal for the clergy which does not make appeal to lay readers, and as the question had already been raised there by Father Zimmermann's own articles, it seemed to be an arena in which such a discussion might fittingly be carried on without danger of scandal to the faithful.

strong things which have been said regarding the conclusion arrived at in the MONTH articles to the effect that St. Dominic had nothing to say to the institution of the Rosary. But it may not perhaps be out of place to plead in justification of that conclusion (a conclusion which I respectfully submit was not expressed intemperately or provocatively in the articles referred to), that the view which was then declared to be so iconoclastic and upsetting, has now taken its place in nearly all our newest works of reference, as the opinion generally accepted. The MONTH articles appeared in 1900—1901. Two years later, in 1903, a young Franciscan Father who was studying Church history at Munich, published an essay, much discussed in Germany, entitled, "St. Dominic and the Rosary."¹ The results of his investigation agree in all respects with those formulated in THE MONTH. The MONTH articles are mentioned by him in a footnote upon his first page, but, as the writer explains, he knew them only through the summary published by M. l'Abbé Boudinhon in the *Revue du Clergé Français*,² and his own conclusions had been formed quite independently. Father Holzapfel's paper obtained wide recognition, as the reviews show, and the permanent result seems to be that in all scholarly circles throughout Germany, the question is now regarded as settled. Two notable publications of recent date, both of them at the same time popular and authoritative, may be appealed to in support of this assertion. The first is the *Kirchliches Handlexikon*, edited by Professor M. Buchberger, and contributed to by almost all the Catholic scholars of note in the Fatherland, including such men as Father Fonck, S.J., the Rector of the Biblical Institute in Rome, Father Mauser, O.P., University Professor in Freiburg, and a hundred more of unquestioned orthodoxy. In the article *Rosary*, which appears in Fascicule 41, published in 1910, the writer, Professor Karl Bihlmeyer, of Tübingen, speaks as follows:

According to a legend, incorporated in the fourth lesson of the second nocturn of the feast of the Holy Rosary, the Rosary was revealed by our Lady to St. Dominic as the most potent weapon against the Albigensian heresy, and was propagated everywhere by him. But, as Holzapfel shows, the twelfth and thirteenth centuries

¹ *St. Dominikus und der Rosenkranz*. Von P. Heribert Holzapfel, O.F.M. München. 1903.

² December, 1901.

knew nothing whatever of any connection between St. Dominic and the Rosary, and the various testimonies adduced in proof of such a connection (e.g., the documents, pictures, &c., brought forward by Mamachi, Duffaut, and others) are either spurious or of much later date. The legend appears for the first time in the writings of the wholly uncritical Dominican preacher, Alan de Rupe, who hailed St. Dominic as "the restorer and propagator" of this Rosary prayer, which, as he pretended, had originally been instituted in the time of the Apostles. After being at first contradicted by Alan's own fellow-Religious, the legend, in the course of the sixteenth century, came to be generally accepted, and since the time of St. Pius V. (himself a Dominican) it has found recognition in Papal documents, though generally with some qualification, such as *ut pie creditur*, or other equivalent.

This is explicit enough, and it is further borne out by the fact that the article *Dominic* in the same *Kirchliches Handlexikon*, though written by an eminent Dominican, Father Reichert, who is one of the editors of the *Monumenta Ordinis Praedicatorum Historica*, says not a word about the Rosary. On the contrary, the brief notice of Alan de Rupe by the same Father Reichert, refers the reader to only one source of information besides Quetif and Echard—to wit, the above-quoted pamphlet of Father Holzzapfel, who therein¹ describes all Alan's communications about St. Dominic as hallucinations and his supposed authorities as invented either by himself or by some clever rascal who imposed upon his credulity.

Not less noteworthy is the treatment of the Rosary in the new (third) edition of Herder's popular encyclopædia (the *Konversations Lexikon*, 1902—1907). The account mentions that the Carthusian, Dominic of Prussia, was the first to introduce meditation on the mysteries of our Lord's life as part of the Rosary devotion, and that its most earnest propagators (in the fifteenth century) were the Dominicans, and especially Alan de Rupe. But the article adds with regard to the last-named that "in his wholly uncritical writings, he was the first to mention the name of St. Dominic as the restorer and propagator of the devotion."² Further, under the heading "Dominic," the only reference to the subject is the statement that in modern art "St. Dominic is generally represented with a Rosary, since *legend* ascribes to him the introduction of this form of prayer."

¹ P. 26.

² Vol. vii. p. 698.

What makes this testimony the more important, as I have already pointed out elsewhere,¹ is the fact that the high value and entire orthodoxy of this popular work of reference have been everywhere descanted upon. On June 24, 1907, the present Pope addressed to the publisher a letter of warm commendation, in which he says amongst other things :

We are attracted not so much by the abundance of its information, or by its remarkable conciseness, as by the soundness of its doctrine. For in the articles which touch on religion, whether they are concerned with history, philosophy or sacred studies, not only does the reader find nothing which is contrary to Catholic faith, but useful material is provided both to acquire knowledge and to undertake the defence of the truth. With good reason, then, have the Bishops of the Church in German-speaking countries heaped eulogies upon you [Herr Herder] and the learned men who have assisted you, in that you have rendered a service in every way opportune to the Catholics of your nation and especially to the laity.

Of course, it would be ridiculous to regard this Papal commendation as implying approval of each and every article in the Encyclopædia, but it does afford satisfactory evidence of the tone of mind of the editors, and it renders it supremely unlikely that any rash or scandalous opinion would be tolerated in regard of a matter of such general interest as the Rosary. If I, or any other writer, content myself with advancing conclusions which are to be found in a popular work of reference so commended, it can hardly be maintained that any serious outrage has been committed upon the *sensus fidelium*. Moreover it is interesting to note the judgments passed in the same *Konversations Lexikon* upon other religious traditions, hardly less widely accepted than that of the Rosary itself. In the short article upon St. Simon Stock² it is stated that "he is specially remembered on account of the scapular which *according to the legend* was given to him by Mary in a vision as a token of protection." Again, under "Scapular" we are informed that the scapular is for those who wear it a sign of their dedication and a reminder of their duties, while the blessing imparted to it by the Church gives it the character of a sacramental. "For this reason the question of the credibility of the private revelations, often but ill-supported by evidence,

¹ I refer to a letter of mine in *The Tablet*, May 16, 1908.

² Vol. vii. p. 1640.

which are connected with the introduction of the various scapulars, can safely be left an open one."¹ Similarly, under "Sabbatina" we are told that

the Bull of John XXII., which in 1322 promulgated the Sabbatine Indulgence, is held to be spurious, though no suspicion can attach to the decree of Paul V. in 1613 which allowed it to be announced as a "pious belief" that Mary would succour those in Purgatory who fulfilled the conditions of the Indulgence.²

Again under "Loreto" the same *Lexikon* declares that the "legend" which identifies the little chamber, which is encompassed by the basilica, with the holy house of Nazareth, originated only in the latter half of the fifteenth century, and that the story of the *Santa Casa* having been brought by angels through the air from Nazareth to Tersato in 1291, and again from Tersato to Loreto in 1295, has been shown by modern research to be an error, the explanation of which is to be found in the fact that a miracle-working picture of the Madonna was brought from Tersato to Loreto by some pious Christians and was then confounded with the ancient rustic chapel in which it was harboured, the veneration formerly given to the picture afterwards passing to the building.³

The same spirit of free criticism may be traced in the account given of the holy winding sheet of Turin. In the article "Schweisstuch"⁴ it is stated that the *Santo Sudario* is now almost universally admitted not to be authentic. It was fabricated by an artist in the middle of the fourteenth century. "The solemn veneration of the winding-sheet in 1898, gave occasion for a prolonged controversy which ended unfavourably to the authenticity of the supposed relic."

To return from this digression to the question of the Rosary, I may add that I have reason to know that not a few scholars among the sons of St. Dominic frankly admit that the claim of their founder to be regarded as the originator of the devotion cannot be historically maintained. At the height of the disturbance caused by the MONTH articles in 1900, I received a very kind letter from a Dominican Father of the English Province, as well known for his scholarly writings, as he was venerated for his piety.

Tell it not in Gath [he wrote], but I have never been able to

¹ *Ibid.* p. 1677.

² *Ibid.* p. 910.

³ Vol. v. p. 948.

⁴ Vol. vii. p. 1413.

believe that our holy Father St. Dominic began, or in fact had anything to do with the Rosary, since I read the *Vitae Fratrum* and the early Lives, especially that written by his great friend and admirer Blessed Jordan.

Alan (de Rupe) must have been a lunatic to say the things he has, if we can believe *Alanus Redivivus*, which he is not responsible for, but that silly Coppenstein. How anyone can call Alan "Blessed" I cannot imagine.

If what Alan said, or a tenth part of it, were true, the Rosary would have been *the* most important feature in our holy Father's life. If so, it has always been impossible for me to believe that no disciple or follower of his for two centuries should have known anything about it or have made the most distant allusion to it. I love the Rosary because the Church tells me it is a holy devotion, pleasing to God.

The writer of this epistle is now dead, or I should not have printed this extract from what he wrote me. Knowing as he does now the solution of this and many another of the problems that vex us here below, I feel sure that he will not resent this quotation from a letter which showed so much candour and kindness towards one who was then a stranger to him.

I had intended when I began this article to have given some account of the line of argument by which, as mentioned above, M. L'Abbé Saltet has undertaken to show that the supposed early account by Peter Swanington of St. Simon Stock's vision of the scapular is really a forgery fabricated at Bordeaux in the time of Father Chéron, but the second part of M. Saltet's study has not yet come into my hands. Hence it will be wise to defer any attempt to give an account of his argument until the whole indictment is before us.

But meanwhile one may surely ask whether the very fact that these "iconoclastic" views within a short space of time have imposed themselves upon the intelligence of such staunch Catholics as the editors of the *Konversations Lexikon* and of the *Kirchliches Handlexikon*, does not prove that the discussion of these topics in *THE MONTH* ten years ago was not premature? Some shock to the sensibilities of those who cling to the old ways there is of necessity bound to be, but the real difficulty comes not so much from any ultra-conservative adherence to particular traditions as from the failure, as Father Savio has so wisely insisted, to realize the distinction between the word of God and the word of man, between the truths

that we receive as part of the Church's dogmatic teaching communicated to her through divine revelation and those beliefs which are a matter of human evidence and which must remain a matter of human evidence still, though not a single soul for centuries together may have dreamed of calling them in question. Meanwhile it is certainly undesirable in these days when the attack upon the Catholic position from every line of approach is so continuous, that the defenders of the citadel should waste their resources by occupying outworks that are not only unnecessary, but positively prejudicial. To know exactly what is vital to the cause, and to concentrate for the protection of that limited area, would seem to be not only good strategy, but the best means of maintaining such confidence of victory which comes from the never having to yield a foot of ground as has once been seriously occupied. What matters it whether St. Dominic did or did not receive a revelation of the Rosary? We can surely say our beads just as devoutly even though we realize that the story of its origin is no more than the pious imagining of an enthusiast in whom the wish was the father to the thought.

HERBERT THURSTON.

The Consumer's Opportunity.

For evil is wrought by want of thought,
As well as by want of heart.

Hood.

"*DEMAND* (which implies the means of remuneration) determines all . . . the direction of capital and labour, the distribution of population, the morality of professions, &c."

So wrote Frederic Bastiat seventy-five years ago,¹ though the vast importance of this principle is only now beginning to be realized. A few scattered economists have referred to it, but it was reserved for the present generation to show its application to social reform. If demand can dictate *what* is to be produced, it can command *how* it is to be produced. By banding together, all those interested in bettering conditions can effectively insist that what they purchase shall be made under fair and satisfactory conditions.

Like a good many other discoveries, this enunciation of Bastiat is so evident that one wonders now how it could ever have failed of universal acceptance. All about our daily lives are facts illustrating the actual working out of this principle. Have you ever noticed the obsequiousness of retail-clerks as a class, and the power that a purchaser wields over them? Have you never watched the saint-like patience with which they will pull down box after box, or bale after bale, to show to a woman whose only object is to "shop" without buying, so as to find out where she can get a thing cheapest when she does want it? No angler ever played a fish with more adroitness than a clerk does the fussy old lady who needs to see half the stock before she will buy a thing. At the least sign of impatience, or the slightest loss of temper, he will be reported and away he will go, for the proprietor knows that upon his pleasing the buying public depends his success. Or if she does not go to the length

¹ *Harmonies of Political Economy.*

of complaining about the poor clerk, she will feel disposed never to return and will warn her friends likewise to abstain. Let her have the same experience twice and she would become an active source of detriment to the establishment, parading her grievance in the eyes of all her acquaintance. So well do the managers and employers realize this that they usually leave no room for objections. We are surrounded by obsequiousness. An impudent clerk is irritating partly on account of his novelty. If he were not so rare, we should get used to him.

What does this mean but that the purchaser is all-powerful? Does he demand green hats? Every store will have them. Does he want magenta ties? Every show-case will display them. Is not this fact the constant cry of those who are fond of telling us how different it was in the olden days, when learned and independent editors formed public opinion and did not allow public opinion to dictate what should be printed? No newspaper, no magazine can exist without a circulation, and it will not be read unless it gives its readers what they want to see. To fly in the face of this well-known fact, to advocate, for instance, unpopular political doctrines, no matter how sound, will cripple a publication for a generation. Newspapers are so largely taken up with murders and scandals and sport, not because the editors think such news the most interesting, but because the people demand it.

Proofs of this power of the purchaser, or, to use the economic term, the consumer, might be multiplied indefinitely. There is, for example, the case allied to that of a newspaper—that of a publishing house. What is the first object of the firm—the intrinsic merits of a book or its likelihood to win purchasers? Does a professional reader for a publisher keep his mind's eye on the requirements of art or the requirements of the public? He may or may not have high literary ideals of his own, but if he has he often has to pocket them.

Consider, again, the enormous sums annually spent upon advertising—all a tribute to the consumer. A house must reach him at any cost. Expert advertisers who know how to cajole the public are employed at large salaries, and a buying agent who can skilfully foretell the public's tastes commands his own reward. All business is organized with reference to the consumer. Silk manufacturers in the United States have even sent representatives into the country to estimate the corn crop, and thereby calculate the demand of the farmers' wives

for their productions. This seems like carrying the principle pretty far, but it shows how clearly shrewd business men recognize it.

Is it meekness and humility of heart that makes a telephone operator answer the most disagreeable person sweetly? Not a bit of it. She simply knows that the company, despite its virtual natural monopoly, has to please its patrons, and that two or three complaints of impertinence would procure her dismissal. The Delaware and Lackawanna railroad of the United States has even made politeness a requisite for promotion.

There is a sound economic reason underlying all this. The direct employer, whether the manufacturer or the retailer, is little more than a manager or foreman for the purchaser. A man does not manufacture hats or shoes, as an artist may paint a picture, simply because he likes to. He does it because he thinks a sufficient number of purchasers will want this kind of article at a price paying him for his trouble. Actually he is as much a mere agent of those who buy his goods as a cobbler is who makes a pair of shoes when he gets an order and is idle when he doesn't. The mere fact that in one case the supply antedates the demand does not alter the essential conditions. For were demand to fall off, as in a panic, his factory would become idle; and if such conditions continued he would soon be bankrupt.

It is true that a clever manager may guide or even stimulate an artificial demand. Women may wear apple-green or Alice-blue one season, not because they particularly want to, but so as to be in a style set by others. But the fundamental desire to follow the fashion—that is not created by the manufacturers. It is already inherent in Western civilization, and a store-keeper falls in with it just as much as an angler does with a fish's demand for worms. When Barnum advertised his "cherry-coloured cat" (which, as a matter of fact, was of the hue of the black variety), he did nothing but direct the already-existing public desire for novelties and freaks into this particular channel. He might have billed the latest Hebrew grammar in every city in Europe and had only his losses for his pains. Similarly, a publisher may persuade thousands of persons to buy a novel they really don't want, but only because they desire some sort of novel. No book-agent in the world could ever make a living selling Zulu dictionaries.

Every exception to this principle of the supremacy of

demand will, I think, be found only apparent. But the very fact that demand can be stimulated, and to a certain extent created, while at first sight militating against the position of Bastiat and the scheme of social reform suggested, is in reality the very thing that makes reform by means of the consumer possible. If astute manufacturers for a purely selfish reason can stimulate the demand for novelty or style to seek satisfaction in their particular product, cannot equally clever social reformers guide the Anglo-Saxon's sympathy for the "under dog" and his innate desire for justice to all, to demand goods manufactured under fair and equitable conditions? Human nature is not entirely bad, and there are enough persons, if the case be put before them properly, willing to inconvenience themselves sufficiently to make this demand effective.

The question, then, is not as to the ability of the consumers to change conditions if they once make up their minds to it, but how to get them to make up their mind.

For it is clear that the persons who actually determine whether a manufacturer shall work or not, and whether or not he shall employ others, are really the purchasers of his goods. They are *his* employers; just as essentially as he is the boss of his foremen or chief clerks. The complicated circumstances must not blind us to this fact—that the relations of consumers to manufacturers have, or can have, all the essentials of employer to employed. They determine, or can determine, what he shall make and in what quantities, and so, within limits, regulate the hours of work; what remuneration he and those under him shall get; what sanitary conditions shall prevail in the factory, &c. If he prove unsatisfactory in any of these details, they can discharge him by going elsewhere.

It has long been a familiar truism of economists that demand regulates supply. However, the further applications just outlined of this principle, that demand also determines the conditions as to wages, sanitation, &c., under which labour shall satisfy that demand, have not been so thoroughly appreciated. It will be well, therefore, to make this point clearer.

Any manufacturer, no matter how philanthropic, is bound, unless he have some sort of monopoly, to pay the current rate of wage and no more. If he raise the wages of his employees, the increase will, ordinarily, have to be paid by charging more for the finished article. Some few employers may be making more than a legitimate return on their invest-

ments, but the stress of competition usually keeps such profit within narrow bounds. Other manufacturers possess the same machinery, about the same advantages of location, and approximately the same talent. But besides this active competition, there is what economists call latent competition. If it became known, and such things always leak out, that a particular firm, unprotected by patents, and without a natural monopoly, was making an excessive profit, whether that profit was going to the owner or the workmen, idle capital would immediately seek to exploit that same field, and active competition would result, lowering the price and hence the profit. This latent competition is evident even in such natural monopolies as municipal gas-systems. If the rate charged by the old company be too high, a new one will soon start into existence, despite the enormous outlay required for a plant.

Active and latent competition, then, keep profits within such reasonable limits that any increase in wages would have to be met by an increase in the price charged the purchaser. But even if this were not so, there are other conditions operating to prevent profits bearing the cost of higher wages. It must be remembered that most factories of any size are now corporations of some sort, with stockholders scattered all over the country. Hopeless indeed would be the task of the manager who tried to persuade these smug owners of stock to consent to a smaller return on their investment in order that he might pay his men enough to live on. Justice has not the eyes and heart of charity, and many a person who gives alms lavishly would not think of taking less on his investments than is consistent with safety.

In view of all this, it is clear that the employer who wishes to pay higher wages than his unscrupulous competitors are willing to give, must virtually say to the consumer: "I wish to give my men enough to live on decently. Will you help me by paying a little more for shoes or hats, &c., than others less considerate are willing to sell them for?" If the consumer says, No! then our well-intentioned employer will have to go out of business or conform to the prevailing standard of pay. Upon the consumer, therefore, depends his ability to fix wages according to an ethical standard, instead of by the iron law of free competition.

The same may be said of hours of work, sanitary factory conditions, compensations for injuries, &c. Of all the means of

fighting an unjust manufacturer, the boycott is the fairest and best. If the consumer in sufficient numbers says to a particular store: "I will not deal with you unless you furnish chairs for your shop girls, close early in the summer," &c., or to a manufacturer: "You must provide certain conditions necessary for health, you must pay your employees for accidents sustained in their work, &c., else I will have none of your goods," the proprietors will have to come to terms.

This is no mere theory. It has actually been accomplished in some places by the Consumers' League. Realizing that to be effective they must be organized, it is the object of members of this League to act as a sort of inverted megaphone gathering up the weak whisperings of each individual purchaser and blending them with thousands of others until they all become one mighty concerted shout to blow the walls of competitive capitalism

Level as Jericho's past Jordan.

Labourers have known the strength of combination in fighting modern industrial conditions for more than a generation; the aggregations of capital have been growing larger and larger; why should not the most powerful of all the elements of productive society, the consumer himself, learn by their experience?

Organized in 1891 in New York City, the Consumers' League now has almost a hundred branches in twenty-one of the United States, in France, Switzerland, and Germany. To Mrs. Josephine Shaw Lowell is due the credit of its inception. An investigation during 1889-90 into the conditions of work among sales-women and cash-children, which she directed for the Working Women's Society, forced home upon her the futility of starting reform from the producing end. The competitive system of industry ties the hands of the employer, while it seems impossible to organize successfully a union among women. There was but one element of the enonomic world left to work with—the purchaser.

Therefore in May, 1890, a public meeting was called in Chickering Hall, New York, to discuss the organization of this all-powerful factor of industry. It was decided to found the "Consumers' League" upon the following platform:

"I. That the interest of the community demands that all workers should receive, not the lowest, but fair living wages.

"II. That the responsibility for some of the worst evils from which wage-earners suffer, rests with the consumers, who persist in buying in the cheapest markets, regardless of how cheapness is brought about.

"III. That it is, therefore, the duty of consumers to find out under what conditions the articles they purchase are produced, and to insist that these conditions shall be, at least, decent and consistent with a respectable existence on the part of the workers.

"IV. That this duty is especially incumbent upon consumers in relation to the product of women's work, since there is no limit beyond which the wages of women may not be pressed down, unless artificially maintained at a living rate by combinations, either of the workers themselves or of the consumers."¹

The first step taken to carry out these objects was to prepare a "white list" of stores coming up to a certain standard. Since it is illegal to boycott, or to urge persons not to deal with stores placed on a "black list," the Consumers' League accomplishes the same result by persuading persons to buy from firms on a white list. Once published, merchants soon feel the effects of such a list, and, to get the patronage of the League, volunteer all the good points about themselves, not to mention the bad ones about their competitors. The list itself thus becomes an invaluable means of getting information not otherwise obtainable.

Necessarily this list had to be somewhat elastic and considerably below the ideal. The people at the head of the Consumers' League were practical persons of wide experience, and they went on the principle that half a loaf is better than none at all—that every little bit helps. After consultations with employers and the Working Women's Society, a standard was adopted from which no retreat has been made. Whatever changes have been made, have been on the side of greater strictness. To-day it stands as follows:

WAGES.

A Fair House is one in which equal pay is given for work of equal value, irrespective of sex, and in which no saleswoman who is eighteen years or over—and who

¹ *Historical Sketch of the Pioneer Consumers' League*, p. ii. Consumers' League of New York City, 1908. For further information, address Mr. A. P. Kellogg, 105, E. 22nd Street, New York City.

has had one year's experience as saleswoman—receives less than six dollars a week.

In which wages are paid by the week.

In which the minimum wages of cash-children are three dollars and a half per week, with the same conditions regarding weekly payments.

HOURS.

A Fair House is one in which the number of working hours constituting a normal working day does not exceed nine

At least three-quarters of an hour is given for luncheon.

A general half-holiday is given on one day of each week during at least two summer months.

A vacation of not less than one week is given with pay during the summer season.

All overtime is compensated for.

Wages are paid and the premises closed for the seven principal legal holidays, viz., Thanksgiving Day, Christmas and New Year's Day, Washington's Birthday, the Fourth of July, Decoration Day, and Labour Day.

PHYSICAL CONDITIONS.

A Fair House is one in which work, lunch, and retiring rooms are apart from each other, and conform in all respects to the present Sanitary Laws.

In which the present law regarding the providing of seats for saleswomen is observed, and the use of seats permitted.

OTHER CONDITIONS.

A Fair House is one in which humane and considerate behaviour towards employees is the rule.

In which fidelity and length of service meet with the consideration which is their due.

In which no children under fourteen years of age are employed.

In which no child under the age of sixteen years works for more than nine hours a day.

In which no such child works, unless an employment certificate issued by the Board of Health has been first filed with the employer, and the name, &c., of the child has been entered on a register kept by the employer.

In which the ordinances of the city and the laws of the State are obeyed in all particulars.

When it is remembered that in 1891 only eight stores in New York were eligible for a less strict standard, while to-day there are more than fifty; that then overtime was never paid for, and fines often reduced the pay to almost half, while to-day fines go to a benefit fund, and overtime is paid for, or a corresponding time off is given; that then the child-labour law was openly violated, and many grown women received less than four dollars and a half, sometimes less than two dollars, a week, while the standard now is six; that the Chair Law, providing one seat for every three girls, was disregarded, or the girls never allowed to use them, while to-day, inspectors of the State Labour Bureau strictly enforce its regulations; that the year after the influence of the Consumers' League passed the Mercantile Employers' Bill providing for the essentials of the above standard, there were twelve hundred infractions reported, and nine hundred under-age children released from drudgery as shipping clerks, &c.; when this advance towards a decent standard of living, and the part of the Consumers' League in bringing it about is kept in mind, the power of the purchaser is seen to be no day-dream of an idealist, no mere pretty theory of an arm-chair economist.

As one reform after another was accomplished, the League turned itself to new labours. To-day, it is agitating strongly against the cruelties of such seasons as Christmas, that should mean peace and joy to all. "Glad tidings of great joy" sounds like a hollow mockery to the saleswomen and children who work from eight in the morning till midnight. Therefore the League sends out thousands of post-cards, and advertises in newspapers, magazines, and street cars, urging persons to shop early in consideration for the employees of stores. Many merchants seeing the benefit to themselves now make the same request in their own advertisements, while the pulpit and the press ventilate the idea, owing to the League's systematic pushing.

All this activity, however, is concerned with the retailer; in the meantime manufacture was not neglected. The League early saw the evils prevailing in many factories, and therefore decided to carry the white-list idea under a slightly different form into this field. After a thorough investigation by its own representatives and consultation with the State Factory Inspectors, the League, where the situation is satisfactory, allows the use of its label guaranteeing that the goods are made

under clean and healthful surroundings. The conditions under which the label is issued are :

1. The State factory law is obeyed.
2. No children under the age of sixteen years are employed.
3. Work at night is not required, and the working day does not exceed ten hours.
4. No goods are given out to be made away from the factory.

Retail firms on the white list handle these goods, and members of the League are urged especially to ask for them. The practicalness underlying the whole management of the League is very clearly shown in the appeal here made to the self-interest of purchasers to buy white goods, wrappers, &c., made in clean factories rather than germ-carrying sweat-shop goods. It has been the aim of the League all along to make it the consumer's personal advantage to buy labelled goods at white-list stores. The idea is to give him a better article and better service for the same money, the increased cost to the manufacturer and retailer to be paid out of the increased sales.

In 1898 the various local Leagues that had sprung up in different sections were united into one national organization, and the activities became even more important. The sweat-shop, child-labour, excessive hours for women, were attacked with considerable effect. In many States the public conscience was sufficiently aroused, largely through the League's efforts, to pass stringent laws, and the League's representatives either as private individuals or as honorary inspectors of the State, saw to it that they were enforced. If New York to-day has the strictest child-labour law in the United States, the honour is due to the untiring labours of an enlightened Consumers' League.

Many an important chapter in an economic history could be filled with details of these activities, but here one instance must be sufficient. England had as early as 1844 enacted laws protecting women, but, owing to the constitution of the United States, various State Supreme Courts had held that any restriction of the right of free contract of adult women was unconstitutional. Therefore when the State of Oregon proceeded against a laundryman for violation of a State law by

working women longer than allowed by that law, the laundryman promptly appealed from the State Court to the United States Supreme Court. The local Consumers' League thereupon notified the National League, with headquarters in New York City, that information concerning the effect of work upon women was necessary to win the case before the highest tribunal of the United States. Expert counsel was obtained, and Miss Josephine Goldmark, of the League, was detailed to collect the information. She employed ten readers, some of them medical students, and special privileges were granted her at Columbia University Library, the Astor Library of New York City, and the Library of Congress in Washington. The result was a sweeping verdict sustaining the State.

Meantime the Consumers' League idea has spread to other countries. The first to be formed in Europe was in France in 1902. Such well-known social workers and economists as Raoul Jay, P. Pauvré, J. Alfassa, and Max Turmann have taken up the idea there. Forty-five stores are on the Paris white list, and there are branches in Lyons, Lille, Aix, Saint-Fleur, Dijon, and others forming at Orleans, Rouen, and Havre. One important activity of the Paris League is to urge American tourists to order gowns in plenty of time instead of waiting until a few days before sailing.

In Switzerland the attempt to found a League was made in 1904, but it was not successfully established until 1906. So far the League has investigated conditions in the chocolate industry, one of the most important in Switzerland, the pastry and cheese manufacture in Neuchatel, Sunday rest in Fribourg, and the shop-girls and tailors in Lausanne. To this should be added a very thorough investigation of conditions of work among the telegraph operators throughout the country. At the end of its fourth year, the League has branches in Berne, Gallo, Bienne, Aarau, Winthurthur, and Basle, and numbers 19,000 members scattered through thirteen cantons.

The German League began in 1907 in Berlin. There are now branches in Königsberg, Monaco, and Posen.

There are also leagues in Holland, Belgium, and one forming in Spain, though not affiliated with the American League.

An Italian League was started at Milan in 1906, but failed. Referring to this ill-fated attempt, Ugo Guida says in the official organ of the Italian Catholic Society for the Study of Scientific Subjects, *Rivista Internazionale*¹:

¹ May, 1910.

But the truth is that the idea of the responsibility of consumers for conditions imposed upon employees was too distant from the intelligence and sympathy of the greater part of the Italian ladies under whose auspices principally the new Lombard League arose and had its brief life. There was lacking in them that economic education which is born only of a greater development and of a higher evolution of ideas not only in the field of social assistance, but still more in regard to the universal duties which are referred to such assistance.

This condition is not confined to Italy. In the English-speaking world, too, a like insensibility to social duties is sadly prevalent. The Consumers' League has set for itself the task of remedying this defective economic education. Why should not the Church, the God-ordained custodian of the world's conscience, aid in this development and education the world over?

J. ELLIOT ROSS, M.A.

Puritan Piracies of Father Persons' *"Conference."*

ANTHONY A WOOD, in his *Athenae Oxonienses*, when describing the book entitled *A Conference about the next succession to the Crown of England*, published in 1594, under the pseudonym of Doleman, says that it was reprinted "before the time that King Charles I. was beheaded" under another title, and that it was then licensed by Gilbert Mabbot (licenser of "small pamphlets" —of which the "newsbooks" formed the principal part) on January 31, 1647.¹

The origin of this treatise has been fully traced by the Rev. J. H. Pollen, in a paper entitled "The Question of Queen Elizabeth's successor," printed in *THE MONTH* for May, 1903, in which he has shown that the original book was written by Richard Verstegan, printer, antiquary, and poet, but with alterations and corrections by Father Persons. Therefore, the attribution of the work to Persons alone, made, not by Wood only, but by so many other writers, is, to say the least, inadequate if not misleading. Father Pollen also appears to doubt whether the book was prohibited by Parliament as Wood states; he has, however, not described its history in later years. It is this sequel which I propose to discuss in the present paper —to narrate the remarkable story of its after-adventures, and to corroborate and to show the sources of Wood's statements with regard to the persons connected with the book during the Great Rebellion.

Wood goes on to state that the edition of the book to which he refers was "put out" by one "Walker, an ironmonger," and that "Mr. Darby, a Yorkshire and Parliament man, bought

¹ The *imprimatur* bears this date, but 1647 should now be rendered 1648, New Year's Day no longer falling on March 25th. Most of the dates cited in this article are those placed upon his tracts by the collector, George Thomason. They are nearly always accurate to a day, and by reference to them the reader will be able to trace the pamphlets referred to in the *Catalogue of the Thomason tracts*.

Doleman of Corn. Bee at the Kings Arms in Little Britain and gave it to Walker." Mr. "Darby" is evidently a mistake for Henry Darley, M.P., whose descendants still exist in Yorkshire, and Cornelius Bee was a well-known bookseller carrying on business at the address stated. There does not seem to be any corroboration of Wood's statements with regard to Darley and Bee.

Henry Walker, however—a writer unknown to all modern historians—was a very important person whose identification and biography are wholly due to the present writer. No modern Life of Cromwell even mentions Walker's name; yet, I venture to assert, no estimate of Cromwell's character and career which omits to consider his connection with Walker can be accurate. During the years from 1647 to 1655 inclusive, Walker was Cromwell's journalist, and, without any exception whatever, the most prolific writer of his day. For at least two of these years, from June, 1647, to July, 1649, there is every reason to believe that Walker resided on the same premises, if not in the same house, as Cromwell,¹ in a tenement known as "The Fountain," King's Street, Westminster, a "great brick house with a balcony," the first and only brick house in Kings' Street "for many years," and the property of Cromwell's neighbour, Sir Dudley North of Kirtling (afterwards fourth Baron North).

Walker began life as apprentice to an ironmonger called Holland, in Newgate Market, set up in business for himself, failed, and afterwards went to Queens' College, Cambridge, for two or three months before being ordained deacon by Bishop Williams of Lincoln—who immediately afterwards expelled him from the Anglican ministry. Thrown upon his resources in this way, Walker then became a writer and a printer, or bookseller, of scurrilous Puritan tracts. Of these he was in 1641 the writer and publisher *par excellence*; according to Taylor, the "Water poet," retaining an army of tatterdemalions

¹ The overseers' books of the parish of St. Margaret, Westminster, prove that Cromwell lived here. For Walker, his own statements in his *Perfect Occurrences* for October 20—27, 1648; August 10th—17th, and September 21—28, 1649 suffice. See also *A Fresh whip for all scandalous Lyers* (September 9, 1647). For the use of the term "brother Fountain" as applied to others of Cromwell's coterie beside himself, see John Nickolls' *Original Letters and Papers of State*, p. 17, and compare Walwyn the leveller's *Fountain of Slaunder discovered* (May 30, 1649). See also a paper by the present writer on "Oliver Cromwell and Pastor Henry Walker" in the *National Review*.

who sold hundreds of thousands of copies.¹ In March, 1641, the House of Lords imprisoned him for writing two of these, and later on in the year the *Diurnall Occurrences* for December 20th—25th remarks: "This day [December 20th] one Walker was committed for printing a booke in the name of Master Pryn." His committal in this case was by the House of Commons, and the "book" was entitled, *A terrible outcry against the loytering exalted Prelats*. Prynne calls it a forgery.

Walker's next exploit, in January, 1642, was to write the pamphlet, *To your Tents O Israel*, and to throw it into the King's coach the day after Charles I. attempted to arrest the five members. Spared the penalty for treason at the King's intercession with the Parliament, but placed in the pillory in Cheapside for his offence, Walker then seems to have disappeared from the public view for the next few years.

In 1647 Walker reappeared as the writer of the "newsbook" entitled, *Perfect Occurrences of every dayes Journall and other Moderate Intelligence*, in succession to John Saltmarsh, the army-preacher. In order to reintroduce himself to the public he adopted the unusual course of signing the newsbook. Until the Independents attained power it was not safe for him to use his own name, so he used a false one, the really clever anagram of "Luke Harruney." This has prevented his identification in modern times.

According to Martin Parker, the ballad-writer and "author" of *Mercurius Melancholicus*, many literary forgeries and counterfeits by Walker marked the year 1647. These fraudulent productions began in June, 1647, when Cromwell and Walker left Drury Lane and "Gracious" Street respectively, and went to live in King's Street. They form corroboration of the strongest character with regard to the accusations of dissimulation brought against Cromwell by Puritan and Royalist alike at this time, and some of them, notably the false "Declaration" by the King of 27th August, were so able that Walker could not have written them himself. But all these counterfeit documents were merely *ballons d'essai* for two important books which Walker was preparing for the press. On February 3, 1648, the first of these appeared and was entitled: *Severall Speeches*

¹ The following, all dated October, 1641, are examples: *A Discovery of the proceedings of William Laud*; *The apprentices warning piece*; *A Bull from Rome*; *Canterburies Pilgrimage*; *Newes from Rome*; *The original of the Popish liturgie, &c., ad infinitum*.

delivered at a Conference concerning the power of Parliament to proceed against their King for misgovernment. This is the reprint of the *Conference about the next Succession* to which Wood alludes. While the main object of Verstegan and Persons had been to prove, by numerous historical instances, that it was lawful for a people to alter the succession of the Crown, the sole end and aim of this edition was to demonstrate the lawfulness of proceeding to *chastise* a Sovereign. Odd as it seems, very few alterations were needed, but omissions, as that of the genealogical tree, were many. The substitution of some few words for others, was here and there also necessary. Then, finally, by dint of dividing the work into nine separate speeches the book was made to appear as if it was a verbatim report of a conference between the Lords and Commons on the subject of taking action against the King. While the reprint was still in the press Walker told his readers, in his *Perfect Occurrences* for January 21—28, 1648, that it was forthcoming (before Mabbot had given it his *imprimatur*) and nowhere is there any hint to be found that it was not what it professed to be—a report of a conference.

The second book, also announced by Walker in his *Perfect Occurrences* for February 18—25, appeared on March 1, 1648, and was entitled *Vindiciae contra Tyrannos. A defence of liberty against tyrants; or, of the lawful power of the Prince over the People, and of the People over the Prince*. Translated from the French version, as internal evidence shows, this treatise was written by the French Calvinist, Hubert Languet, a hundred years previously; and, though it is much the bulkiest and most important work of the two, it is noticeable that this book—of its class unquestionably the most dangerous ever written—was never mentioned or blamed by the controversialists of the times I am describing. The reason for this is simply that it was written by a Protestant. All the blame was cast upon Verstegan's book, as the supposed work of a Jesuit; and this though regicide was the last object which its authors had in view when writing it, and though this treatise was by no means so able as that of Languet. This translation of Languet is ascribed in the British Museum Catalogues to William Walker of Darnal, Sheffield. But the tradition, upon which this ascription is based, has shifted in mistake from the forgotten Henry Walker¹ to one who was his brother, and who had no reason to

¹ Add. MSS. 21, 424. f. 203. This seems to substantiate the evidence that Henry Walker beheaded the King. See Hulett's and Axtel's trials, in the *Trials of the Regicides*, and Hunter and Gatty's *Hallamshire*, p. 424.

abscond at the Restoration like Henry. Apparently, neither knew sufficient Latin or French to translate this work unaided.

It was not long before Walker's piracy of the *Conference about the next Succession* was detected. On May 6, 1648, a lengthy and important pamphlet appeared, entitled, *The King's most gracious messages for peace and a personal treaty*,¹ from which we may extract the following passages² relating to the factious party in the Parliament:

They pretended great enmity unto popish doctrine and tenets, and episcopacy was pull'd down out of zeale against popery (as if that had been a friend to it). With what clamours did they represent unto the people Secretary Windebanks intercourse with Jesuites and popish priests, and the bishops chaplains licensing of books supposed to be popish, and yet these very men have permitted Mabbott (the allowed broker of all these venomous scribblings) to authorize the printing a booke of Parsons the jesuite, full of the most popish and treasonable positions that were ever vented, for very good doctrine. Nay, more then this, have they not contributed £30 toward the charge of printing the same; and when, after its publication, it was told them by some that the said booke had been condemned by Parliament in the 35 of Queen Elizabeth,³ and that the printer thereof was drawn, hang'd and quarter'd for the same, and that it was then enacted that whosoever should have it in their house should be guilty of High Treason; when all this was related to some of the Committee of Examinations did they not stop their ears at it? Did they not slight those that spake unto them? Their own consciences know all this to be true, and that we are able to prove it before the world. Yet these be the men, forsooth, that hate Popery.

This popish book which we speake of, was at first published anno 1594 under the name of Dolman, and intituled "a conference about the succession of the Crowne." It consists of two parts, whereof the first containes a discourse of a civil lawyer—How and in what manner propinquity of blood is to be preferred—. It is divided into nine chapters; all which this blessed reforming Parliament hath now published under the title of "Severall speeches delivered at a conference concerning the power of parliaments to proceed against their king for misgovernment." . . . Now, there is no difference betwixt this book,

¹ It has been unaccountably omitted in the *Catalogue of the Thomason Tracts*. The British Museum press mark for it is E 438 (19). This tract is Wood's principal authority.

² Pp. 125 to 127.

³ This history, with which the writer was not contemporary, needs substantiation. Unfortunately, the Journals of the House of Commons between 1580 and 1603 were lost, by the neglect of Fulk Onslow, Clerk to the House. Verstegan and his men, at all events, were certainly not executed.

published by this parliament, and that of the jesuite condemned by that other An. 35 Eliz. but onely this—when the jesuit mentions the Apostles he adds the word Saint to their names, S. John, S. James, S. Peter, which the author of this new edition leaves out and saies plain John, James and Peter. And, perhaps, in some places the word "parliament" is put instead of the word "Pope" or "People." Nay, the variation is so little that it speaks the publisher a very weak man and those that set him on the work none of the wisest in employing so simple an animal in a businesse of so great concernment. . . . Now our young Dolman, or Walker (for that is the wiseman's name), &c.

Again, in the following year John Crouch, the writer of *The Man in the Moon*, remarks in his periodical for June 27—July 4, 1649, that Cromwell

hired that factotum of villainous imposturisme Walker, with £30, to reprint a book of one Doleman's a jesuit (that was formerly hang'd, drawn and quarter'd for the same) to justifie that unparallel'd and inhuman murder of butchering the king. The said book is new dipped by our blest reformers, and entituled "Severall speeches" (&c) and these copies were cunningly conveyed into the hands of Bradshaw and the regicides as a catechisme to instruct them in the devils horn book written in bloody characters of the murdered saints and servants of God. And the seeds of this crop of villainy was by perjurd Noll committed to the care of that saffron bearded Judas Walker—a villain sold to work mischief, tell lyes, and print and divulge their rogueries; one, I am persuaded, that for all parts in the science of schisme cannot be matched in the three kingdoms—nay, not in Christendome, or Europe. . . . After this they published another book entituled "Royall Tyrannies discovered," on very purpose to depose and execute the king; and still other papists and jesuites works are by their commands printed and published, as Dr. Caryes book, Bishop Sales book [S. Francis de Sales], a book entituled the "Key of Paradice," and a book printed for Francis Ash of Westminster (*sic.*) [a Catholic bookseller of Worcester] and others, &c.¹

Crouch was a man of Walker's own class, as may be seen from his language; and, as a printer and Walker's personal enemy might be expected to know all about the latter's work.

Walker evidently had powerful friends; for, after the King's death, place and preferment poured upon him. He was appointed a preacher at Somerset House; in that capacity delivering a sermon (afterwards printed) to the soldiers starting for Ireland, in which he exhorted them to "destroy" the Irish "idolaters." A living near Uxbridge was also bestowed upon

¹ Ash's biography is given in *A Second Beacon fired by Scintilla*, p. 6 (4 Oct. 1652). See also H. R. Plomer, *A Dictionary of the Printers and Booksellers . . . 1641 to 1667*.

him, followed by another at Wood Street, Cheapside, and as he was a success at neither place, he in the same year finally obtained the chaplaincy of the "Spittle" at Knightsbridge—where the inhabitants promptly petitioned against him. At Knightsbridge he remained until 1653, when Cromwell appointed him to St. Martin's Vintry. Nor was this all; for this ignorant buffoon, whose Hebrew anagrams in his *Perfect Occurrences* were the laughing-stock of London, was actually appointed Hebrew lecturer in Sir Balthazar Gerbier's "Academy." Throughout the whole time he continued his journalism, and literally poured books, pamphlets, and broadsides from the press. When Cromwell started for Scotland in 1650, Walker it was who was chosen to preach the valedictory sermon before Cromwell and his officers at Whitehall. When this sermon was printed, Walker attached a Preface to it so derogatory to Fairfax, that Cromwell had it burnt by the hangman on its arrival at his camp in the north of England. Yet this did not affect his confidence in one, whom Fox the Quaker calls his "priest" and "newsmonger," for after this Walker is found dedicating devotional works to him in language of sickening and blasphemous adulation. Crouch's statement that it was Cromwell who caused the *Conference about the next Succession* to be placed in Walker's hands is, therefore, one that must be taken very seriously, particularly when the date and the circumstances of the next reprint are borne in mind.

For the book was once more reprinted on May 30, 1655, when Cromwell was intriguing to obtain the crown. This time, however, the work underwent still more structural changes; for it was now advocating monarchy. A new title was necessary; so it was dubbed, *A Treatise concerning the broken succession of the Crown of England. Inculcated about the latter end of the reign of Queen Elizabeth. Not impertinent for the better compleating of the general information intended.* The remark which Walker inserted in his then newsbook—*Perfect Proceedings*, for May 3—10, 1655, reveals very plainly that he was the author of this piracy as well as of the other. Thrust in among his general news, and *apropos* of nothing, it ran—"I think we may beg his highnesse to take the crowne."

The purport of this new edition was to show that it was then very doubtful whether there was any proper claimant to the throne of England; that nevertheless, it was necessary for the

sovereign power to be in the hands of some one and that the "people" (whatever that might mean), were the proper power to settle upon a new line instead of the old succession broken by the death of Charles I. Obviously, if these arguments were admitted, Cromwell, who had already taken all power into his hands, was the only fit person to be crowned King. Thus, a book, written originally to exclude James I. from the throne, had been made to serve as a pretext for putting his son and successor Charles I. to death, and now was to serve to exclude his grandson Charles II. from the throne which was rightfully his.

There was a postscript to this edition and it ran as follows:

This manuscript treatise of broken successions of the Crown of England, coming from the hands of a popish priest and comprehending the substance of what was written and published by Father Parsons the jesuit, under the name of Doleman, for ends best known to themselves, but justly suspected to be no way for the freedom of the English nation, may give the greater occasion for the wisdom of latter times to prevent those commotions towards confusion as might seem to threaten a second part of that horrid design of the gunpowder treason November 5, 1605.

The "second part" of the gunpowder treason alluded to in this, is of course, the Royalist rising of 1655—a plot in which, it was said at the time, Cromwell himself was the chief conspirator, fomenting it in secret in order to pave the way for his assumption of the Crown. If his close personal connection with Walker counts for anything, the latter's fresh piracy at this date is strong corroboration of the Royalist view of Cromwell's "plots."

The *Conference about the next Succession* was last published "by Sydney and the Associators," but unaltered, and with its true title, in order to cloak the exclusion from the succession of James II.—a Catholic. Truly, if the authors could have lived to witness them, they would have been much astonished at the different rôles their book played in the tragedy of the Stuarts.

The truth is, that the *Conference*, apart from its practical conclusion, was written in defence of constitutional government, and could therefore easily be made to tell against the Stuarts, with their weakness for absolutism. This was especially easy with the aid of omissions like those of Henry Walker. The devil can quote the Scriptures for his purpose. But *Doleman's*

Conference, even if praiseworthy in its theory, was not only liable to objection because of the sting in its tail, its publication was also singularly inopportune and injurious, and many are they who have enlarged on these shortcomings.

Is it too much to say that the book, and the uses which had been made of it, counted as a factor in the success of the impostor "Titus Oates"? Certainly it must have been one reason why a plot to kill the King was one of Oates's most plausible accusations. Oates had been anticipated in his charges against the Jesuits by William Prynne, notably in his speech to the House of Commons on December 4, 1648, just before "Pride's Purge." Prynne said to the Speaker in his peroration:

I must now crave leave, with much sadness of heart to unbosom my very soul unto you and discover you that secret which God hath so clearly manifested to my understanding that I dare not, under the highest penalty, but acquaint you with.—That the jesuits and Roman priests and Catholicks are the original contrivers and principal fomenters of the late and present distempers.

He went on to add that "one Gifford, a Staffordshire gent and a jesuite" was present in the lobby with the agitators when they presented the "Agreement of the People" on November 9, 1647. It was the Jesuits who had broken off the negotiations with the King, and the Jesuits also who had suggested putting him to death. The army was full of disguised Jesuits. Naturally, as one of his most convincing proofs, he then adduced the fact that:

a book written by Dolman, alias Parsons the jesuite, against King James his title to the crown and (*sic*) concernig the lawfulness of subjects and parliaments "deposing and chastising of their kings for misgovernment and the good and prosperous success that God commonly hath given to the same" printed out of Dolman's own copy verbatim, except the word Parliament added to it now and then, was published to the world with this title "Severall Speeches" (&c.) which book was pretended to be nothing but speeches made by some members of the Commons House at a conference with the Lords. The highest dishonour and affront ever put upon a Protestant parliament, to have the book and doctrine of a jesuite thus falsely fathered upon them.

In fine, all this was "no other but a very plot and project of the jesuits to ruine and destroy the king and us."

J. B. WILLIAMS.

Nature-Worship.

The invisible things of God, to wit, His eternal Power and Divinity, have become visible through the creation of the world, being indeed brought home to the mind by that creation: and thus they [who ignore them] have no excuse.

(Rom. i. 20.)

THUS early in the history of the Church was enunciated the great doctrine which vindicated the competence of human reason to infer with certainty the existence of God from the contemplation of His works, a doctrine on which the Vatican Council set the seal of formal infallibility. Against all who have endeavoured unduly to depreciate or unduly to enhance the functions of man's highest faculty the Church has always asserted its rightful claims. Sceptic and rationalist come equally under her ban. She opposes excess of every kind, except indeed in that one direction in which excess is not really possible—the desire of the rational creature for its final end, union with God. She maintains the social idea against the extremes of individualism and absolutism; she defends monogamy against the excesses of Manicheism and promiscuity; she teaches how to use this world without misusing it; in general, her constant efforts are directed to preventing the visible from usurping the rights of the invisible. Those efforts are still called for.

In a book now two years old, and therefore quite forgotten—*The Condition of England*—Mr. C. E. G. Masterman, a vigorous writer of sound judgment, albeit clouded by disbelief in the Church, set out to analyze the ideals of the various classes in this country as indicated by their habitual pursuits. His diagnosis was acute, suggestive, and conducted with such an attempt at impartiality that the author hoped there would be no conclusive trace in his pages of his own convictions, political, social, or religious. That aim, so characteristic of the modern sceptical mind, was bound of course to be futile: a critic, if his

views are to carry any weight, must in one way or other declare his standards of judgment. We need not delay to conjecture Mr. Masterman's political or social criteria, but the very pretence of objectivity as regards religion shows us where to place him in the matter of belief. No Catholic could call him orthodox. Revealed religion implies a clear declaration of the mind of God, and such declaration is beyond the criticism of creatures. Suspension of judgment in presence of divine truth is not humility but impertinence.

Religious veneration [says Dr. Arnold¹] is inconsistent with what is called impartiality: which means that, as you see some good and some evil on both sides, you identify yourself with neither and are able to judge of both. And this holds good with all human parties and characters, but not with what is divine and consequently perfect: for then we should identify ourselves with it and are perfectly incapable of passing judgment upon it.

With regard to God and His truth impartiality is a mere contradiction: and, if we profess to be impartial about all things it can only be because we acknowledge in none that mark of divinity which claims devout adherence and with regard to which impartiality is profaneness.

In several places in his book, but markedly in his chapter on "Religion and Progress," this assumption of impartiality proclaims that Mr. Masterman has not understood the final character of Christianity and the indefectibility of the Church. He does not, it is true, proclaim dogmatically that the Christian religion has had its day: he realizes the strange recuperative power, the "strength made perfect in infirmity" with which that religion is endowed but, knowing nothing of the inner life of Catholicism, he is strongly impressed by the growing "worldliness," the gradual rejection of supernatural sanctions, the decline of religious practices, amongst adherents of non-Catholic Christianity in England. And, as no moral cataclysm is apparently impending on account of this loss of religious belief,² the author sees no reason why the process should ever stop. But, in the meantime—and this is what strikes us as a singular instance of shortsightedness in so shrewd an observer—he seems to imagine that the place of religion may be effectively taken, not, indeed,

¹ *Life*, vol. ii. pp. 60, 61.

² We doubt, with the failure of "lay morality" in France, as now admitted by its promoters, before his eyes, whether Mr. Masterman would maintain, as he did two years ago (p. 275), that morality grows while religion decreases. Statistics are confirming what reason declares *a priori*.

by the "culture" of Matthew Arnold, but by the "nature-worship" or "life-worship" of Richard Jefferies. The fact that that exceptional mind, country-bred and ignorant of real religion, found support in cruel physical trials in an intense appreciation of natural beauty is a slender basis on which to rest the statement that in æsthetic delight in colour and sound and life may be found a substitute for the lost belief in future happiness.

This *unquestioning* love of the earth and the children of it [says Mr. Masterman¹] is perhaps the most hopeful element for future progress. In a century of doubts and scepticisms it may serve to bridge the gulf between the old and the new. Whilst men are still confused concerning the purposes of Nature and still doubtful concerning any definite or intelligent progress towards a final end, it is much that *inspiration and contentment* can be found in its present beauty and appeal.

Here, of course, the whole point at issue is assumed. We ask—Can the normal human mind habitually contemplate this beauty of Nature without "questioning," or can the normal human heart find inspiration or contentment in mere sense-derived enjoyment, which is essentially imperfect and transitory, and exposed to a thousand accidents? In vain does Mr. Masterman appeal to another exceptional character, William Morris, the poet, one so steeped in the things of earth that Allingham reports him to have said, regarding belief in God—"It's so unimportant, it seems to me."

Loving the earth [writes Mr. Masterman] and the joy of it, seeking still the pleasure of the eyes, exulting in its visible beauty, the waters gliding through the Hollow Land where the hills are blue, a walled garden in the happy poplar land, with old grey stones over which red apples shone "at the right time of the year," he could always cherish the hope that "our small corner of the world may once again become beautiful and dramatic withal": because the red apples and grey stones and blue hills were possessions which required for their acceptance no impossible extension of present human achievement.²

It does not seem to strike our author that the human soul wants more than scenery to satisfy it, even were the most picturesque always available for all. One would have thought that the gospel of Æstheticism had been ridiculed out of existence long ago by Sir W. S. Gilbert and others. The doctrine

¹ Op. cit. p. 256. Italics ours.

² P. 258.

that lasting satisfaction is to be found in the mere contemplation of natural beauty recalls the great phrase of St. Augustine—"Our heart was created for Thee, O God, and cannot be satisfied till in Thee it rests." Like Jefferies and like Morris, that splendid intellect sought "inspiration and contentment" in Nature, and, as we know, he has recorded the result of his search.

I asked the earth and it said, "it is not I." And all the things therein confessed the same. I asked the sea and the deeps and the living things thereof, and they answered, "we are not thy God: seek higher above us." I asked the blowing air above, and the whole region of it with its inhabitants cried out, "Anaximenes is mistaken, I am not God." I asked the heavens, the sun, the moon, the stars; "Neither are we," said they, "the God whom thou seekest." And I said to all these things which stand around the doors of my flesh, "You have told me concerning my God that you are not He; give me at least some tidings of Him!" And they all cried out with a loud voice, "It is He that made us." My asking was my considering them, and *their answering was the beauty I discovered in them.*¹

This search for soul-satisfaction in natural beauty is intelligible in those on whom the light of revelation has not dawned, but that after nineteen centuries of Christianity men should still attempt to dress up the creature in the attributes of the Creator is a singular proof that St. Paul's description of the Fore-Christians of his day applies equally to the After-Christians of ours—"they were deceived in their thoughts and their foolish heart was darkened, for professing themselves to be wise, they became fools."²

Folly, indeed, is the chief characteristic of this recrudescence of Paganism, a mere Hellenistic pose in the case of some, but by others embraced with all the fervour of conviction. If St. Paul found no excuse for the cultured pagan of his time, how strongly would he not condemn those who, living in the full light of the Gospel, and surrounded by social amenities which are the direct outcome of Christianity, allow their foolish hearts to be darkened by old superstitions, because their self-sufficient minds will not stoop to the obedience of faith? Before Christianity, the pantheist outside the Jewish world sinned mainly through ignorance, culpable no doubt in the case

¹ "Interrogatio mea intentio mea et responsio eorum species eorum." See *Conf.* x. 9.

² Rom. i. 21, 22.

of the highly educated who could reason logically, but practically inevitable in the case of the simple and unlettered. By dint of natural reason alone it is not easy to grasp securely the doctrine of the divine Immanence (sc. the actual presence of God in His creatures enabling them to live, move, and have their being) without letting slip the equally certain doctrine of the divine Transcendence, the infinite superiority of God over His creatures. But now revelation has put both truths beyond doubt, not by destroying all that is mysterious about them, but by giving divine authority for both. Pope, who knew the Church's doctrine, but was not always careful to express it aright, dwells so exclusively on the divine Immanence in the following fine lines that he has been classed with the pantheists—

All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
Whose body Nature is and God the soul;
That, changed through all, and yet in all the same—
Great in the earth as in the ethereal frame—
Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,
Glow in the stars and blossoms in the trees,
Lives through all life, extends through all extent,
Spreads undivided, operates unspent,
Breathes in our soul, informs our mortal part,
As full, as perfect, in a hair as heart;
As full, as perfect, in vile man that mourns,
As the rapt seraph that adores and burns:
To him no high, no low, no great, no small—
He fills, he bounds, connects, and equals all.¹

Yet, as is well known, the poet was no pantheist, for he tells us elsewhere

The Workman from His work distinct was known.

The fact is, the human intellect repudiates the notion of a composite Deity just as it does that of a number of infinite Beings. The Divine Unity and Simplicity are alike logically deduced from the Divine existence.

But the modern Nature-Worshipper, if he is not, in Shakespearean phrase, merely "an affectioned ass," is either a polytheist or a pantheist, and violates sound reason as well as revelation. The Wise Man described him and his like long ago.

But all men are foolish in whom there is not the knowledge of

¹ *Essay on Man*, i. 9.

God: and who by these good things that are seen could not understand Him that is; neither by attending to the works have acknowledged who was the workman. . . . For if they were able to know so much as to form a conception of the world, how did they not more easily find out the Lord thereof?¹

There are degrees in the foolishness thus stigmatized by Holy Scripture, and it is obviously worse to refuse altogether to see traces of God in Creation than to own Him but mistake His nature. The atheist, in other words, is a bigger fool than the pantheist or polytheist, though, of course, the latter, who destroy the true notion of deity, are also implicitly atheistic. The absence of any fixed and sound system of philosophy in English thought since the break with the Church has filled English literature with Nature-worship in its wrong sense, *i.e.* with what is practically idolatry or atheism. A brief examination of this fact will show more clearly how far astray is Mr. Masterman's estimate of the actual or prospective influence on human progress of the love of Nature divorced from religion.

But here several fashions or figures of speech may fitly be pointed out, the recognition of which will save much imaginative literature from the serious charge of fostering idolatry. One is the common poetic device of personification and another, closely allied to it, the "pathetic fallacy," so named by Ruskin. It is often convenient, or striking, or suggestive to represent Nature taken altogether, or some particular aspect or portion of it, animate or inanimate, as a personal conscious agent. And equally common is the ascription to irrational beings, or even to physical phenomena, of the various feelings and purposes that move the human breast. A third practice is the actual assumption, for dramatic or descriptive purposes, of the beliefs of Pagan mythology, a practice justified on those grounds, for he who describes pre-Christian times must needs exclude Christian ideas.

With regard to the last-named attitude, the selection of Pagan themes and the appropriate assumption of the Pagan standpoint, it is naturally most frequently found amongst those professors of make-believe, the poets. In imaginative and dramatic writing it has its place and use: it is for the poet to study the world under every aspect, and to enter into every point of view. It is only when he makes an erroneous point of view his own, and sets it forth as part of his teaching that he is

¹ Wisdom xiii. 1, 9.

prone to do harm. And so the most fervent lover of Christ may read with delight Keat's *Hymn to Pan*, and Swinburne's *Atalanta*, and William Morris' picturesque versifying of the Classical Dictionary. These are poses, academic exercises, lawful themes for poetic treatment, although not the highest. In themselves, these echoes of creeds outworn do nothing to degrade our literature. And in like measure, the universal use of personification and the pathetic fallacy, the "humanizing" of what is below humanity, can only do harm when not recognized as an artifice. Then, indeed, in the minds of the thoughtless, or the carnal-minded, it may easily lead to the deifying of what is not even human.

We are speaking of the poets, but the use of personification and the pathetic fallacy is not by any means confined to works of imagination. Scientific writers commonly speak of the material universe with all its forces and "laws," by the convenient term of "Nature," and ascribe to it a personal agency and moral qualities. "Nature abhors a vacuum," "Nature does nothing in vain," "Nature is ruled by obeying her,"—our scientific language is full of such aphorisms. And if men of science are men of imagination as well, as very many are, then this fictitious entity runs through the whole gamut of human emotions and designs. Nature is cunning, malicious, remorseful, cruel, sympathetic, blind; she adorns herself, tells her secrets or conceals them, mourns and rejoices. The device, indeed, is common in all literature. In the inspired word of God itself, we find it used in the boldest fashion. What modern poet would dare, as the Psalmist does, to say:

The rivers shall clap their hands, the mountains shall rejoice together
At the presence of the Lord, since He comes to judge the earth.¹

or again:

The sea saw and took to flight: Jordan turned back in his course,
The mountains skipped like rams and the hills like the lambs of the
flock.²

Harmless as are these common usages of language in themselves, still, like the academic cult of Paganism, they have been so much employed by non-believers to give expression to their infidelity, that Christians, we think, should confine them to poetry, the sphere to which they properly belong. We

¹ Psalm xcvi. 8.

² Psalm cxiii. 3, 4.

should not be afraid of speaking of God's action in all natural phenomena, for, although it is no matter of faith to hold what St. Thomas¹ and St. Augustine² taught regarding the function of the angels in ruling the physical universe, we know that all its properties and laws are the expression of the divine Mind and are upheld by the Divine will.

As regards the poets themselves, though they all must inevitably personify Nature, they fall into two distinct classes according to their intention in doing so, which again is determined by their religious attitude. We have the Catholic-minded poets who, if they do not always "look through Nature up to Nature's God," at any rate never express their devotion to the physical universe in terms incompatible with true knowledge and love of its Maker. And we have the Atheists and Agnostics, neutral or aggressive, who do not look beyond the visible, and so come under the condemnation, before quoted, of St. Paul. They give the love and worship, which man's heart was fashioned to conceive, to the creature instead of the Creator. Between these two well-defined classes hover several poets who have no grasp of sound philosophy, and whose writings are now pantheistic, now orthodox, according to their mood. Any good anthology will furnish illustrations of what we mean.

And here it may serve to have a clear idea of what love of Nature—that love which inspires the cult of the visible universe and may be employed aright or sadly abused—really amounts to. As Nature is not a person, but merely a name for the vast complexus of phenomena which strike our senses and are interpreted by our minds, it is impossible for a rational personality to enter into moral relations with it. The object of a person's love—if the word is used strictly—can only be another person. When, then, a Christian says he loves Nature he simply means that he finds pleasure *to himself* in physical beauty, the harmonies of line and colour and sound which his mind recognizes and appreciates. These material soulless things affect his faculties pleasurably, and in response (for love is an appetite as well as a passion) he approves of them, likes them, even loves them, not, it seems to us, for their sake but rather for his own, unless he in one way or another endows

¹ "Omnia corporalia reguntur per angelos." (*Sum.* I. q. 110.)

² "Unaquaeque res visibilis in hoc mundo habet angelicam potestatem sibi praepositam." (*Quaest.* I. lxxxiii. q. 79.) Newman in his Anglican days taught the same. Vide *Parochial Sermons*, vol. ii. : "The Powers of Nature."

them with the attributes of person. Only one form of love is wholly un-self-regarding, that called *amor benevolentiae*. Now we cannot, strictly speaking, wish well to a tree *for its own sake*: it hasn't got a sake. The "Society for the Preservation of Beautiful Scenery" does not act on behalf of the woods and rocks it saves from desecration, but on behalf of the Nature-loving public. Whereas the primary object in genuine love is the happiness of the beloved, which prompts the lover not to self-regard but to self-sacrifice. Mere love of Nature cannot inspire self-sacrifice, and therefore calls for no special commendation.¹ Men, indeed, are often praised for their devotion to this or that pursuit—to sport, to study, to business—but that devotion, when analyzed, simply comes to this, that they find their own satisfaction in that particular direction. Unless the interests of some other personality are somehow involved, unless there is some altruistic element, some service of others *at the expense of self*, such devotion has little or no moral worth. Thus, for instance, to hold Wordsworth up to admiration for his single-hearted appreciation of the beauties of Nature is simply to bespeak praise for what is not praiseworthy. Relatively, perhaps, he is to be commended: his self-service employs materials which are refined: his pleasures are not gross, do not degrade his character or injure his fellow-men—a great thing in a world of sin and injustice, but, absolutely speaking, so long as his love is *confined* to "Nature," the poet is seeking in his rapturous communings with woods and hills exactly what Hodge is seeking in his pint pot, his personal satisfaction, though, of course, the poet's pleasure, resting in the spiritual faculties, is on a different plane to the animal enjoyment of the toper. We love Nature, therefore, as we love music or painting—for the pleasure it gives ourselves.

This self-regarding love is the purest, because the most refined, of natural pleasures. It is not in itself blameworthy, but like all other earthly delights may be indulged in to excess. Wordsworth himself warns us—

Earth fills her lap with pleasures of her own;
Yearnings she hath in her own natural kind,

¹ We cannot enter here on a question which would require of itself extended treatment, the quality of the "love" we feel for the irrational creation. The fact that it approaches us so much more nearly than the inanimate and vegetable worlds manifestly justifies a higher form of affection.

And, even with something of a mother's mind
 And no unworthy aim,
 The homely nurse doth all she can
 To make her foster child, her inmate, Man,
 Forget the glories he hath known
 And that imperial palace whence he came.¹

There is the danger. Man may forget the Giver in the gift, and miss altogether the use to which He meant His bounty to be put. Many have done so, some through mere carelessness, some from positive unbelief. Instead of reading the Book of Nature aright to get its meaning—

Silly we, like foolish children, rest
 Well pleased with colour'd vellum, leaves of gold,
 Fair dangling ribbands,—leaving what is best,
 On the Great Writer's sense ne'er taking hold;
 Or, if by chance we stay our minds on aught,
 It is some picture on the margin wrought.²

This contemplation of Nature in the endeavour to frame some conception of her Author would have been man's highest occupation, had he not been raised by grace to a supernatural plane and given exigences and capacities which the visible world cannot satisfy. But the fact that we have attained a fuller grasp of Truth by another means and have a clearer vision of an infinitely higher object of love does not necessarily blunt our perception of the True, the Good, and the Beautiful in Nature. They still attract, though they do not retain, our glance, and our appreciation is deeper for our knowledge of their perfect Prototype. Given the necessary natural capacity, it remains true that he who penetrates most profoundly into infinite Being can best understand its finite manifestations. For a poet to stop, voluntarily, at the surface, to seek contentment in the finite, to remain within the bounds of the natural is to make a pedestrian of Pegasus. It takes a God-lover like St. Francis of Assisi to love Nature with due vehemence. It is contrary to all human experience to suppose that the image or token can arouse a truer or more rapturous love than the reality, or to imagine that the reality, once felt and tasted, does not give a deeper and dearer meaning to the picture. No materialist, however otherwise gifted, can be a great poet.

So history shows and we are not without modern instances. This time two years ago there was still alive, although nearing

¹ *Intimations of Immortality.*

² W. Drummond, *The Lessons of Nature.*

his self-inflicted end, a materialist who aimed at great poetry, and indeed in his earlier work showed some of the poet's qualifications. But, in the end, *obscuratum est insipiens cor ejus*, and John Davidson in his *Testament* wrote pages of lines like these :

Quaternion of elements (vapours three
Azote and hydrogen, with oxygen,
The great protagonist, and carbon, crowd
And chorus, common tissue of the whole),
Wherein the ether lightened into life
Organical, amœbæ, monera,
Bacteria, diatoms, single cells
That sped through differentiation, changed
Environment and series manifold,
By natural selection and sexual.

In the same month of April two years ago died a greater poet, of whom Mr. Birrell says, in that most scathing of *Obiter Dicta*—"Mr. Swinburne has written some verses over which the world will long love to linger." Some verses! And yet that may very possibly be Swinburne's fate, for he too cut himself off from all that gives meaning to man and Nature, and not even his human culture and consummate metrical genius could retrieve that fundamental loss. He carried on and developed the tradition started in English Poetry by the atheist Shelley, and he has met with Shelley's fate. "All men are vain that have not the knowledge of God." These Nature-worshippers are indeed unprofitable, their work is sterile. It is significant to notice how few quotable phrases, "jewels five words long," of which Shakespeare and Tennyson too were so prolific, Swinburne has bequeathed to literature. His writing has done little for human progress, it inspires no high ideals, it centres with wearisome iteration upon the physical aspects of Nature and the vicissitudes of human passion. Its outlook is clouded with the haze of doubt. And not only is it without faith, but it is also without hope. Its best attempt at consolation amid the miseries of existence is the prospect of eternal sleep.

From too much hope of living,
From hope and fear set free,
We thank with brief thanksgiving
Whatever gods there be;
That no life lives for ever,
That dead men rise up never,
That even the weariest river
Winds somewhere safe to sea.¹

¹ *The Garden of Proserpine.*
VOL. CXVII.

With so little of the salt of true wisdom in it, how can such writing hope to resist decay? Swinburne idolized Nature, deified with grotesque and inconsistent blasphemy various natural forces, and in the end the best we can say of him is that he is a skilful metricist and an excellent painter of land and sea effects. The soul, as we have said, cannot subsist on scenery, and future generations will neglect a poet who has no message to give them, nothing that is true.

In contrast with this self-blinded seer,¹ it would be a pleasant task to trace in Christian poets, how Nature can be loved, admired, and venerated as the fair vesture of the All-Beautiful. We should like to set alongside one of Swinburne's pæans to equivocal earthly heroes a glorious ode of Francis Thompson's—*The Hound of Heaven* or *To the Setting Sun*—to show what the poet loses when with magnificent gesture he extinguishes the lights of Heaven and sets up thereafter on the dim and desolate earth the "Natura Benigna" of his own idolatrous fancy. But the task, for which there is no space here, is open to each reader to perform for himself, and it cannot fail to bring both pleasure and profit.

J. KEATING.

¹ We have judged Swinburne by his writings. His friend and fugleman, Mr. Watts-Dunton, alleges no other ground for his assertion that the poet was an "advanced thinker," and that "his poetry is like that of no other poet for exalted enthusiasm and belief in the high destiny of man and in 'Natura Benigna.'" These misty phrases are characteristic of the Godless mind. What, according to Swinburne, was the high destiny of man? And what or who is *Natura Benigna*? An American admirer in the *North American Review* for July, 1909, is even more inconsequent. She writes on the "Fortifying Principle in Swinburne," and sums it up in the fact that "he made no promises, he paved no way to Heaven, he pointed out no perfect rounds." In other words, he gives no help at all, for you cannot get fortifying principles out of mere negations. See the Preface to "Selections from Swinburne's Poems."

A District Derelict.

BEYOND the village of Tillaroan the coast-line is much indented, indeed this part of Connemara does not belie its name "the Bays of the Sea." High narrow peninsulas, and long, land-locked bays alternate, and the road runs steadily northwards at the heads of the bays.

Passing through a belt of fairly good land, reasonably populated, it makes towards rocks and heather, and true "congestion," but before reaching that, it leaves to the left a great tongue of land physically no different to its neighbours, yet which, for some reason or other, is becoming practically deserted. It is four to five miles in length, and less than half of that in width, even at its widest point. A backbone of grey rock runs along it, for it is in reality a spur from one of the great Twelve Pins, and the ground is hunched up in places, so as almost to justify its local name of mountain. Between the rocks there are stretches of bog-land, on which the few inhabitants depend for all their fuel, and little lakes, sunk into the rock or sheltered round with sedges, so that in either case they are smooth enough for water-lilies to thrive below, and to star their surface with white and yellow flowers. The heights are heather clad, but there is plenty of rough grass for the ponies and cattle that graze in freedom upon them, whilst in the hollows there is cultivated land, potato plots, and patches of corn, built up on the side of the mountain or drained with deep furrows from the bog.

On the peninsulas that lie to north and to south, such arable plots as these are attached, each one to a yellow-roofed cottage, but on Gortneighra it is not so.

There are houses indeed near most of these gardens, but they stand in silence undisturbed, grey and roofless, their bare gables pointing drearily to the sky. The tillers of the soil live in the shelter of the mountain, but facing towards the open sea. As one by one the families die off, or drift away to America,

those who do remain strive with feeble, greedy hands first to take over, and then to till their scattered holdings.

"How many acres have I?" The answer is practically the same whatever the names of the townlands may be. "Well, something better nor twelve acres are in it here, but the weight of that is on the mountain. Then there's four acres of a bog away in Bracklagh, and there's Martin Leary's holding where the potatoes is in Aghnagar beyond."

The speaker's household, following the universal rule of the district, consisted of himself, his old wife, and one child, in this case a son who remained at home under protest, either because his brothers and sisters would not pay his passage to America, or because some lingering feelings of filial duty forbade his deserting the old couple at the last.

"At least you have a good son in Michael," we said to one Mrs. Devine, whose children, six or eight of them, were with one exception scattered through the American continent.

"I have, indeed, I have, astore." She looked round the kitchen as she spoke and lowered her voice. "But then the father an' meself haven't we always the Fear upon us."

And in every home on Gortneighra that same Fear dwells, fear of the all-powerful, irresistible magnetism of America.

"Delia came home to us, seven years, come Hollandtide, and she was for to stay till Michael got his turn over beyond. 'Twas a Sunday the passage come." Her eyes went over to the dresser by the hearth. "An' he couldn't walk for leppin' an' he goin' in to Mass. He wouldn't leave the passage, but twenty times a day he'd have it from the pocket, just for to be looking at the writin' on it. Me heart was broke entirely an' him goin' from us. Then, by all the books, didn't the father take a turn that frightened the life of us and Michael had to set the passage on the dresser beyond, for sorra foot could he leave us that while. Then on the first o' spring didn't Delia go for to milk the cows but she not comin' in, an' the calves bawlin' for a taste o' milk, didn't I go out meself, an' find the cans lyin' empty on the mountain, an' herself quit out, an' off again to the States. 'Mother,' says she, an' she writin' home after, 'I couldn't stop in it,' says she, 'but tell Michael to content himself,' says she."

Good advice, and easily given, though she did not practise her own precept. "And Michael did content himself?" we asked.

"Well, he stopped in it," the mother replied with caution.

"but content! Dear and darlin'," she went on with sudden earnestness. "There's times he has me scandalized an' scalded with the Fear that is upon me. Never a time did I leave this house, summer nor winter, these seven years, but comin' in 'tis to the dresser direct I do be goin'." She moved across the room as she spoke and lifted up a small tin box. "There's the passage," she said, and she pointed to a smoke-grimed envelope with fingered sides and edges frayed. "There it lies. Oh! I've had hundreds o' minds to throw it in the fire, but I wouldn't after, an' maybe it has him more content. There's nights I do hear him, an' me gone to bed, creepin' over to the dresser an' takin' it down. He'll sit by the hearth there, an' read every word, his name on it an' all, an' after I'll find it back in the one spot again."

What castles must the boy have built in the red heart of the dying embers, sitting in the darkened kitchen, the passage to his land of dreams lying in his hands. All the toil, and dulness, and hardship of daily life forgotten, swallowed up by glowing dreams that might, he thinks, turn to golden reality any day, were it not for his own rendering of just six words of God, "Honour thy father and thy mother."

But although Mrs. Devine's story could, with variations, be told in every house upon the peninsula, the American drainage is not the only reason for the dereliction of the district.

There is an idea, not noised abroad, yet very firmly existent, that Gortneighra is, in parts, unlucky.

Only lately a house by the roadside has fallen to ruin. It belonged to Martin Fahy, but his son's widow occupied the greater part of it. Martin himself—since with the advent of the old-age pensions he had become a person of independent means—had taken as his own a single room under the same roof that sheltered his daughter-in-law and grandchildren, but quite apart from them, having its own fireplace, its own little door.

Here the old man lived, and here not long ago he died.

Then arose an insuperable difficulty. There was no room in the little dwelling now filled up from wall to wall with seven feet of coffin, to wake the corpse as a Fahy in that district must be waked.

The apparently simple solution that he should be carried into the yard and thence put in his proper place in the kitchen was utterly impossible, for everyone in the district, except the

suggester, believed in the dire ill-luck that is supposed to follow when a corpse is taken back into a house it once has left. The wake was a necessity, therefore nothing remained but to knock a hole in the wall that separated the old man's room from the dwelling proper, through which the coffin could be passed. This was accordingly done, but the workers possessed less skill than will, and consequently with the next storm of wind, the loosened gable suddenly collapsed, dragging with it the rafters and the thatch, and when the terrified widow and children, screaming but unhurt, were rescued from under the *débris*, they vowed that nothing would persuade them to live on in a place so evidently unlucky, and though the neighbours would willingly have rebuilt the cottage, Mrs. Fahy and her family sold their interest in the little holding, and went away to dwell in the town, where, being landless, they could now apply for outdoor-relief from the Union.

A more fanciful idea of unlucky places was told to us by a woman who lived high up on the mountain-side.

She was complaining of the "backwardness" of her cottage and of the long, rough way that leads to it from the bohreen, and we wondered, seeing that the place was newly built, what had made them choose such an inconvenient situation.

"True for you it isn't long we're in it." She pointed down the slope to where a deserted house was crumbling to ruin. "Within those four walls every one of the children was bred, born, an' reared. Six fine boys there was, God bless them, an' two little gartlahers, but 'twas the mischancey place, whatever, an' only we moved out of it, the lad we have itself would have been taken."

"How was it 'mischancey'?" we inquired, rather mystified.

"Well, He who gave, took them from us, may His holy will be done. First 'twas Martin, he got hurted with the little horse baste, an' never left the settle bed after, till they carried him out on the sticks. Then Brian took a nervous fever, an' lay fifteen months before going to his long rest, an' Nance she took it from him, an' didn't we lay the two under the one daisy quilt. 'Twas after that the father got a notion that there was something not right in the place, an' when Bridie away in America with the two brothers got them basilicas an' came home to us, only to go on to God, he spoke of it to a wise woman who comes travellin' the roads, an' she says, says she, 'Go out of this an' make a home above in the mountain.'

"Well, he built the house, just as you see it, only it bein' an ugly place for cattle he thought to leave one room roofed in below, after destroyin' the rest of it, for the cows to shelter of nights. But didn't the beams give in, an' the finest mwheelin in the two parishes buried dead below them. He didn't ought to have left a foot of the roof standing, sure he didn't. 'Twas the whole place was mischancey, that's what it was."

We vainly tried to reason against such superstition, but nothing could disturb her rooted conviction.

"Why should it be mischancey, is it? Well, I'll tell you that," she retorted. "You heard speak o' the fallen angels? I'll be bound you did." She pointed impressively to the ruin at our feet. "'Twas there below that one of them fell."

It was worse than useless, mere waste of breath, to assure her that the manner of the angels' fall was not what she imagined it to be.

"I couldn't say for the rest of the country," she persisted, "but I know a power o' them fell in Connemara."

Then in the diminishing population one must count the toll that is taken annually by the sea, for it is only in part of spring and summer that the people of Gortneighra turn farmers. There are long months of the year when, were it not for the harvest of the sea, the place would indeed be what its name implies, a hungry little bog, and the fishing-boats do not always bring home the crew that they took out. Even the kelp costs an occasional life in its gathering.

There is an empty house on Inisgrotty—an island only when the tide is up—where some years ago one of the only young families of Gortneighra were living.

Then in a sudden storm the father and three sons were drowned, and the mother and four little girls went away to her own people beyond Oughterard. Only the granny was left behind, an old, old woman, spotlessly clean, with never a speck on her cap, and every shining silver hair in its place. The Morrisseys gave her an outhouse to live in, whitewashing it for her, and putting a bolt to the door.

Her spinning wheel is on the wall, and she sits on the threshold carding wool for the neighbours, or knitting the yarn that she has spun for them. We asked her last year if she was to get the old-age pension.

"I have three score and a half of years, aye, an' well-nigh four score," she said. "An' the priest he bid me put in for it

whatever, but how would a poor old creature be gettin' it. Hasn't the King got plenty of others to be thinkin' of besides the likes o' me? God help the poor man, how could he give to all that's lookin' for it?"

However, she did get her pension.

"Is it how am I, astore?" so she answered our inquiries. "The grandest ever I was, daughter dear, amn't I on the King's List? God bless an' protect him, and all that's troubling me now is, why didn't I go see him the time he was in Recess! If only I'd known what he was to do for the poor, wouldn't I have stepped every step of the road to give him thanks, an' welcome."

Many from Tullaroan and Gortneighra had gone to swell the royal welcome when, about ten years ago, the King went to see the marble quarries near Recess, and we asked Mrs. Aherne why she had not been of the number.

"Well, now, to tell you no lie," she explained, "I never was one for the boys! Deed, an' I might have gone to see the Queen, or yourself, had you been in it, but the King—ach! I make no differ on men!"

She had no story to tell of the loss of her son and grandsons.

"God took them, astore," was all she said. "'Twas a terrible wild night, an' many a prayer was said for them at sea. God rest the whole of them, an' while His holy will is done, we can't complain."

Mrs. Cahalan, who had lost husband and brother and sons, had more to tell, and told it graphically.

"They were all in it, the three lads an' the brother's son," she said. "An' they went for to ride a breaker, away behind the coastguard station on Banaghown, but the boat, she was old an' shook, an' the seas cut her clean in two, as if you took a knife to her. They got little Johnnie over beyond the bay, an' Bartle and Peter's Paddy weren't they laid as quiet as you please on the churchyard in Dangonnel, but Andy they never got." She wiped her eyes on her apron. "Oh, daughter, it went through me so much to see the father, an' he searchin' the shore for his son, the fine makin's of a boy, upstandin' an' warm, an' he better nor sixteen years of age. I had no walk meself that time, or maybe I'd have found him. They do come back to a mother, times, when even for the father there's no sign. God's will be done anyways, maybe He took them from sin an' sorrow."

We did not ask of the father's fate, though we knew that he and his brother-in-law had gone like the boys, but after a pause she told us herself.

"I never thought to let one belongin' to me on the water after. But what can the poor do, but be satisfied. 'Twas a storm that took the father an' poor brother Peter along with him. The coastguards got them away in Coolagurragh, and sent a letter back here to Christy.

"What's the news, avick?" says I, an' him readin' it, for didn't I think it was the gartlahers away in America who'd wrote.

"Sorra news, mother,' says he, shortlike an' he out with him.

"'Twas evenin' an' he comin' in.

"Mother,' says he, layin' his hand on me shoulder. 'Tis the great old woman you are.'

"Is it, avick,' says I. He always had the sootherin' ways had Christy.

"'Tis indeed,' says he, 'an' you'll see us all out yet.'

"God forbid, astore,' says I, 'He wouldn't be askin' that of me, with the pains I do be gettin' in me bones. Times, now they do be a holy terror.'

"You seen Bartle out, mother,' says he.

"I did, avick. May he have glory.'

"An' Christy, mother, you seen him out.'

"True for you,' says I, 'God rest them all.' An' then I set to wonderin'.

"An' little Johnnie, mother,' says he, an' his voice was choked like an' he speakin'.

"What is it, Chris?' says I.

"Mother, you seen father out,' says he, 'An' uncle Peter.'

"Oh! wirrah, wirrah, wirrah, I never thought to hear the like.'"

She sobbed again to think of what was past, but soon regained her composure with the wonderful resignation and conviction that God knows best, which is the greatest test of faith that can be made.

She still had Christy, and her perfect confidence in him had chased away the usual Fear.

"He promised straight an' honest he'd never go from me till he'd put me under the clay with his own hands," she said. "An' please God it won't be too long he'll have to wait now."

He would not break his promise, but he was waiting, waiting and longing for the wider, gayer life of over the seas.

How will it be as the years go on? One wonders and cannot guess. Will a few remain, helped from America to live in comfort, and be content, or will the present drainage keep going on until the lowlands are as bare as the uplands, till every house is roofless and deserted, till the tillage reverts to bog and mountain, and the cattle of the grazier and the free wild birds become the only representatives of life on all the peninsula of Gortneighra?

ALICE DEASE.

Flotsam and Jetsam.

Apples.

THERE can be no question that more than any other fruit the apple has connected itself with human history. To say nothing of the original catastrophe in which though not specifically named it is always assumed to have played the leading part, it was golden apples in the Garden of the Hesperides that formed the object of a Labour of Hercules; by one of them Atalanta was beguiled into losing her fateful race; and from one,—the Apple of Discord,—sprang the Trojan war and the rich crop it has borne in literature and art.

Apart from all this, the economic history of the fruit is of great interest and importance, surpassing in these respects that of any other, for it supplies the house-keeper with a resource without which he would be but poorly provided, and in it mankind finds a means of gratifying its thirst for alcoholic beverages. In connection with the history of orchards a curious scientific question is introduced. The apples suitable either for the table, the kitchen, or the cider-press must, as is well known, be propagated by grafting, since plants grown from seeds, even of the most highly cultivated kinds, are liable to revert to the wild originals whence they have been derived. There is, however, a controversy, warmly argued on both sides, as to whether varieties thus obtained are permanent, and do not die out when the plant from which the scions were originally derived has completed its term of life.

In regard of legendary folk-lore, the apple likewise contributes some notable items, none being more famous than that connected with the name of William Tell and his renowned feat of archery. Although this tale is attested as an historical fact by a statue erected in the market-place of Altorf, there can be no doubt that it is but one variant of a story current in many lands, from Persia to the Faroe Isles, the apple shot from a boy's head being sometimes replaced by a nut and sometimes by a

small coin, while even the details of the history are slavishly reproduced in different versions.

It might easily be supposed that no greater authenticity attaches to the story of the famous apple which by its fall suggested to Sir Isaac Newton his great discovery of gravitation. There is good evidence, however, that this incident is really historical. It is alluded to "obscurely or rather enigmatically" by Robert Green in his *Miscellanea* (1727), who, speaking of Newton's doctrine, says: "Quae sententia originem duxit, uti omnis, ut fertur, cognitio nostra, a Pomo;" the authority cited in support of this statement being Martin Folkes, sometime President of the Royal Society. The original testimony seems to be that of John Conduit, Newton's disciple and husband of his niece, who tells us that it was in 1666 when he had been driven into the country by the Plague then raging, that while walking in the garden the sight of fruits dropping from a tree first led Newton to his immortal speculation. It is, moreover, interesting to know that the first who appears to have given the story plainly to the world was Voltaire, for though (in 1733 or earlier) he refers to the testimony of Conduit, this remained in manuscript for many years later, being published only in 1806.

J. G.

An anti-Catholic Forgery of the Armada Year.

It is one of the common experiences of Catholic controversialists that it is often hard to give its *quietus* to an ingenious forgery, if it flatters prejudice and does not grossly offend against probability. We know how long a life has been given to the *Monita Secreta*, even after innumerable exposures; while Robert Ware's impostures, although their fictitious character has been completely established in Father Bridgett's *Blunders and Forgeries*, are still found quoted (inadvertently on doubt), by conscientious scholars like Dr. Meyer and Mr. Gee.¹

The Armada forgery has had a long career of success. Received by contemporaries, translated into French and

¹ For instance, H. Gee, *Elizabethan Clergy* (Oxford, 1898), p. 198, quotes the forgery about E. Denum. So too, does Dr. A. O. Meyer, *England und die Katholische Kirche unter Elizabeth*, Rom. 1911, at pp. 24 and 172. Dr. Meyer indeed, disbelieves "Denum's" authority, but he is not aware that the "Denum" myth is entirely exploded by Bridgett, p. 252.

circulated abroad, it was later on accepted by Strype, and partially printed (1709), as an authentic document by him, and then embodied in the celebrated *Harleian Miscellany* (1744). From these sources the substance of the letter has been repeatedly quoted, last of all in Dr. Meyer's learned History which is only just published.¹

Its title runs :

*The copie of a Letter sent out of England to Don Bernardin Mendoza, Ambassadour in France for the King of Spaine, declaring the State of England, contrary to the Opinion of Don Bernardin, and of all his Partizans, Spaniards and others; by good hap the copies thereof were found in the chamber of Richard Leigh, a Seminarie Priest, who was lately executed for High Treason committed in the Time that the Spanish Armada was on the Seas. &c. &c. London, Vautrollier, 1588.*²

The contents of this brochure is thus briefly set forth in Mr. Gillow's *Bibliographical Dictionary* (under "Richard Leigh").

"The writer deplores the misery which the Armada has brought on English Catholics, expresses his dislike of the Pope's Bull against Elizabeth, and the English Books sent into England in explanation of it, and speaks of the aversion of English Catholics to reformation by force."

CAN THE AUTHOR BE A CATHOLIC PRIEST?

Mendoza, it may be remembered, had filled France with false reports of a Spanish victory while the Armada was sailing up the Channel. It was natural enough that the English should think of avenging in kind this passing flourish of Spanish self-satisfaction, and of putting about a story of the Spanish defeat in the form of a confidential letter to Mendoza from a Catholic priest in England.

This, then, is the first point to which attention should be directed. There is nothing to wonder at in such a forgery; nothing morally infamous in the fiction, when broadly considered, having regard to the state of war then raging. One cannot, of course, call it honourable; and some of the details deserve, and shall receive, a severer censure. But, broadly speaking, the general view which it gives of the great fight is not contested. Nor should I question that many a Catholic

¹ Meyer, pp. 191, 254, 281.

² I use the reprint of Park, London, 1808.

might have compiled, from the papers of that time, the general story as here told. The majority of the Catholics in England—so far as we know all of them—were against Spain at that time. When, however, we come to pretended views of the Catholics, which are here and there enunciated in the first person, as authentic statements of the Catholic party, the case is different. Some are seemly enough, but some are not; the forger's hand may be suspected in the occasional use of such idioms as "the Church of Rome,"¹ which we never use of ourselves, and in the grosser absurdities to be noted immediately.

The question of authorship can here only be decided by internal evidence. No author's name whatever is affixed. Can that author be a Catholic? The doubtful passages are many. It is very doubtful whether an English Catholic would have written about Throckmorton's Treasons,² as is here done. The majority of Catholics believed that plot was a fiction of Burleigh's. It would take, however, too long to enumerate the merely doubtful passages, and after all the question must be decided by those that are decretorial—and for these I point without hesitation to pages 146 and 147, where an elaborate apology for the system of persecution is attempted, and, more remarkable still, the very apology in substance which Lord Burleigh had put about in his *Execution of Justice . . . without any persecution for questions of religion* (1583). The very title was a contention, bitter as wormwood, to the English Catholics, to say nothing of its untruth. Is it conceivable that a Catholic should have turned up Lord Burleigh's tract in order to fill up a letter to the Ambassador of Spain?

In that tract again Lord Burleigh drew a picture, almost splendid in its mendacity, of the old Marian Bishops passing a cheery, and blissful old age under the surveillance of the Protestant usurpers of their sees. The Catholics could with difficulty contain themselves while discussing this infamous falsity. But here again, *mutatis mutandis*, the same lies. The reason for imprisoning Catholics by Elizabeth's Ministers was (God save the mark!) to *protect* them from "the general murmur of the people" "and so they do remain in the Bishop's palace, with fruition of large walks about the same, altogether without any imprisonment, other than that they are not suffered to

¹ P. 149.

² P. 145; the slur on Allen, p. 144; the dispensation for Protestant service, p. 158; the spiritual interpretation throughout, are all obviously un-Catholic.

depart."¹ After this comes a defence of the Recusancy laws' and again precisely in the tone of Lord Burleigh's tract!

These passages must surely be considered as decisive by all acquainted with the literature of both sides during the persecution. Whether we can tell who the actual writer was or not, it is at least necessary to show that the writer was not a Catholic, and to prove that those who assert his authority as a Catholic priest, as one authorized to speak for his co-religionists, are asserting what has not been, and cannot be substantiated, what is in fact, I venture to think, distinctly uncritical.

WAS LORD BURLEIGH THE AUTHOR?

It has already been indicated that the ideas of this alleged *Letter* are remarkably similar to those of Lord Burleigh, and there is no doubt in the mind of the present writer that the tract was written by him or under his inspiration. The full proof would take some space to elaborate, but its course may be briefly indicated. The writer professes² to have seen the Bull of Excommunication of Elizabeth by Sixtus V. As is now known,³ no such Bull was ever issued, though a paper was secretly printed called "A declaration" of the Bull, on the lines which the Pope's sentence would have taken if the Armada had been successful. Of this paper one copy was stolen and sent to Lord Burleigh who kept it till next year, when it was used for the trial of Philip, Earl of Arundel. Burleigh, in his correspondence, always gives to this *Declaration* the title of "the Bull" against the Queen. When, therefore, our writer uses the very same misnomer, and says that he has seen this document, which Burleigh was keeping safe in his desk, we feel that we are getting very warm indeed in our search for the author. When we further find Lord Burleigh in this same correspondence suggesting that "an answer be written as if from the Catholics of England"—we see that little, if anything at all, is wanting in the arguments for Burleigh's authorship. The suggestion, the words, the thoughts are all indubitably his. In order, however, to establish the premises as they deserve to be established, a lengthy series of quotations and arguments would be requisite, whilst at present we must be content with a few bare references to the *Calendar*

¹ P. 147.

² P. 144.

³ Meyer, pp. 277—279.

of *Domestic State Papers* for 1580—1590, at pp. 488, 493, 590. The question as to the authorship may for the moment remain an open one, but the negative contention at least—that *The Letter* was not written by a Catholic—may be considered as established.

J. H. P.

Poisoning the Wells.

The practice of slandering a man (or a corporation) and at the same time discounting his pleas in defence by ascribing to him principles which would make those pleas unreliable, received such a scathing exposure at the hands of Newman, in his famous condemnation of Kingsley's use of it, that, for the credit of controversy, one might have hoped that its employment would thenceforward cease. Yet to this day it forms one of the weapons not unfrequently used by Protestant controversialists of the Littledale type; as may be seen from the following particularly flagrant instance. In the November *Nineteenth Century* and in a subsequent letter to the *Guardian* Dr. A. H. T. Clarke, of Albany Street, maintained that in Canon Law the Pope is styled God, and that various other Catholic writings and practices show that the title is meant in its literal sense. His assertions and inferences were emphatically denied by several Catholics of standing. He has had refutations from Mr. W. S. Lilly and from Mr. J. Britten, he has been taken to task by "W. H. K." in the *Tablet*, he has read Father Smith's exhaustive rebuttal of the venerable slander in the C.T.S. tract, *Does the Pope claim to be God?* he may have even done THE MONTH the honour of perusing what was written on the subject for his enlightenment in our January issue, —yet he persists in hugging his dear error to the last, simply because it falls in with his personal conviction that the Pope is Anti-Christ! He produces no evidence that can stand impartial examination, he has nothing to say which has not been often refuted or explained, and so he has recourse to the Kingsley method: he poisons the wells. Let us consider the sinister process. He wrote in all three letters to the *Guardian* (on December 9 and 30, 1910, and January 6, 1911), each more virulent and unfair than its predecessor. The opening sentences from each of the three will show clearly enough the spirit of all of them:

No. 1.¹—Sir,—Would you allow me to expose a *well-known method of Romish controversy* that may prove interesting as well as a warning to your readers?

No. 2.—Sir,—*Gibbon* has somewhere remarked that we must “*distrust every document* that comes from the Vatican;” and Lord Acton, citing *Döllinger* in support, states that he “never had the good fortune to meet an *honest Ultramontane*.”

No. 3.—Sir,—Thank you for publishing my two letters on the *discreditable tactics of Roman controversialists* and on the claims of the Pope to be not only “Christ on earth,” but God Himself.

Clearly, it is not possible to argue with a mind like this. The beginning, middle, and end of his contention is that “Romanists” don’t know what they believe or won’t own it. This attitude of gross insult is maintained throughout. When the writer is not slandering he is sneering. The Papists cannot be trusted, their indignant defence is mere tactics, the Jesuits especially (dragged in for no more apparent reason than to give Dr. Clarke more scope for viler abuse) are liars. Persons was a liar, Eudæmon Johannes was a liar, Garnet was so steeped in falsehood that “our sturdy ancestors, afraid of a liar of such abnormal dimensions, condemned him to death with indecent haste and with barely the formalities of a trial.” We might expect such a champion of truth to be himself very careful in his statements, yet in saying that the ungrammatical phrase—*Dominum Deum nostrum Papam*—“has been sanctioned by every edition passed by every censor, and approved by every Pope for the last five hundred years,” Dr. Clarke has committed himself to an assertion as misleading as it is malignant, which scholars can only characterize as a discreditable piece of “bluff.”

And all the while he was writing this scurrility, it never seems to have occurred to Dr. Clarke to consider the antecedent impossibility of such ascription of divinity to the Pope as he fastens on Catholics. How could any sane man, let alone the millions of holy and wise members of the Church, whom even Dr. Clarke will allow to have been monotheists, have ever imagined that men, in many cases manifestly weak and sinful, were “other Gods,” in a literal sense? The idea is too grotesque to be entertained, except by a mind narrowed and blinded by bigotry. So obsessed, however, is Dr. Clarke by this spirit that he cannot be persuaded that the claim to hold the place

¹ Italics ours throughout.

of God is not equivalent to claiming to be God. He cannot even translate correctly the common Latin phrase, *vicem gerit Dei*. He shudders at the "wild blasphemy" of the Council of Trent when it speaks of the Pope as *ipsius Dei vicarius*. Does he shudder, too, when he reads in Exodus (iv. 16) that the Lord said to Moses in regard to Aaron—"And thou shalt be to him *instead of God*," or again (vii. 1): "Lo! I have appointed thee *the God* of Pharaoh, and Aaron, thy brother, shall be thy prophet"?

If Dr. Clarke has little Christian charity and small zeal for religious truth, it is a pity he has not some sense of the ridiculous. Christ Church, Albany Street, was once frequented by that fair flower of Anglicanism, Christina Rossetti. We certainly behold another proof of the almost illimitable "comprehensiveness" of that creed when we regard the present incumbent of that place of Christian worship.

J. K.

A Saint who disparaged the Rosary!

It seems curiously difficult for even the most upright mind to pronounce equitable judgments in matters in which national prejudices or religious feeling are subtly appealed to. One would be very far from saying that our own controversialists are entirely free from this defect, but assuredly we Catholics have no monopoly in our alleged inability to tell the truth without colouring it. This remark has been suggested by a passage accidentally brought to our notice in a very sensible Anglican work on *Books of Devotion*, a volume in the Oxford Manuals of Popular Theology. As a whole the book seems excellent in tone and temper, but the author, Canon Bodington, was not fair to himself, any more than he was fair to those whom he criticizes, when he penned the following passage upon the Rosary:

The continual repetition of *Paternosters* and of the *Aves* in the Rosary strikes us unfavourably, and recalls our Lord's warning to the disciples: "In praying use not vain repetitions, as the Gentiles do; for they think they shall be heard for their much speaking. Be not, therefore, like unto them." (Matt. vi. 7.)

That formality in the use of the Rosary is not an imaginary danger is evident from the warning of St. John of the Cross as to the abuse of this form of devotion:

"Such is our vain concupiscence that it clings to everything; it is like dry rot consuming the good and bad wood. What else is it, when thou pleasest thyself with a curious rosary, seeking one of a particular make rather than another, but to rejoice in the instrument? . . . It is very vexatious to see spiritual persons so attached to the fashion and workmanship of devotional objects, to what is merely motive, given up to the curiosity and empty joy which they minister. Such persons are never satisfied, they are perpetually changing one thing for another; *spiritual devotion is forgotten amid these sensible means*; men attach themselves to them, just as they do to any worldly ornaments; and the issue is no slight detriment to their soul."¹

Bossuet has said that "the writings of St. John of the Cross possess the same authority in Mystical Theology that the writings of St. Thomas and the Fathers possess in Dogmatic Theology."² It may therefore be well to point out that this accredited writer when he uttered warnings against the formal use of the Rosary, added many more against all self-willed and ill-advised practices such as the Prayer Book, in the preface "Of Ceremonies", describes as having "entered into the Church by indiscreet devotion."³

That Canon Bodington had no intention of misrepresenting St. John of the Cross or Catholic practices of piety, we fully believe, but, however undesignedly on his part, we are satisfied that a very large number of his Anglican readers will carry away a very perverted impression of the use of the Rosary among Catholics. To begin with, many unobservant persons will undoubtedly go off with the idea that the writer means to imply that St. John agrees with him in condemning the Rosary as made up of vain repetitions. Of course, the passage quoted says nothing of the sort, nor is there a syllable in the context or anywhere else in St. John's works to suggest such a conclusion. But even if this idea, as we fully believe, is quite unintentionally conveyed by the accidental collocation of two entirely different criticisms, we cannot hold Canon Bodington innocent of giving the impression that St. John looked upon the Rosary as a dangerous species of devotion. What he means by declaring that St. John "uttered warnings against the formal use of the Rosary," or against the "formality" of this devotion, we do not entirely understand. We cannot find a word in St. John of the Cross to suggest that he would ever have told any one not to use a rosary because "spiritual devotion"

¹ *The Ascent of Mount Carmel*, bk. iii. cap. 34.

² Bossuet, *Instruct. sur les états d'oraison*, i. 12.

³ Bodington, *Books of Devotion*, pp. 99, 100.

might be forgotten thereby. He would have told him not to be particular about the fashion or material of the rosary he used, but he would never have counselled him to use no rosary at all. Canon Bodington might with equal justice condemn all use of prayer-books as formalism, because there are people who are very pernicketty about the binding, or type, or illustrations of their prayer-books, or because they confess that they are distracted and put out when their own favourite book of devotions is mislaid. He might as well declare that true asceticism condemns kneeling altogether, because it suggests that there is danger of people yielding to ostentation in their choice of elaborately carved *prie-dieus*, or of embroidered hassocks. Does Canon Bodington go about declaiming against beautiful churches, good music, and eloquent sermons, as things that have entered into the Church by "undiscreet devotion"? And yet there is undoubtedly danger in all such matters of a spirit of true piety "being forgotten amid these sensible means."

H. T.

The Belfast Marriage Case and Anglicans.

The Orange politicians and clerics, by exploiting the matrimonial misfortunes of Mrs. M'Cann for the purposes of that campaign against the Church which forms their chief *raison d'être*, have done more than the Pope himself and the whole hierarchy could do to bring home to the people of these islands the Catholic doctrine concerning "mixed marriages." The pastor may post up at the church door the decree of April, 1908, making clandestinity in the canonical sense a diriment impediment, he may proclaim it from the pulpit and expound its bearings in the Parish Magazine, and yet, so *very* sheep-like are some of his sheep, its full effects may fail to reach the intelligence of all. But here comes a concrete instance which all the bigots in Orangedom, from the new Primate of Ireland downwards,¹ have made the text of their No-Popery harangues,

¹ We so often disagree with our Anglican contemporary, the *Church Times*, that we have pleasure in recording that it has taken quite the orthodox view of this particular marriage case and has stigmatized the ignorant bigotry of Dr. Crozier in the following strong terms—"It is with peculiar shame that we read the outpourings of the right reverend prelate [here follows an enumeration of his errors of fact and

with the result of putting those effects in so clear a light that the Catholic who does not now understand that mixed marriages celebrated in defiance of the prescriptions in *Ne temere* are invalid, must be suffering from the diriment impediment of imbecility. The circumstances of this case have been so fully explained in the Catholic papers, and the doctrine of the Church so ably vindicated, that there is no need here to recapitulate either the one or the other. No Catholic can doubt the Church's competence to erect impediments which inabilitate her children under certain conditions from entering upon the sacramental contract of matrimony. Those who do not believe in her divine character and mission may deny her possession of this power, but they must own that its exercise is quite consistent with her claim. On the other hand, since the Reformation the State has constantly usurped the rights of the Church and set up diriment impediments of its own to the marriage contract. For instance, in certain States of the American Union, marriage between whites and blacks is legally invalid—a piece of legislation already discussed in regard to similar cases in South Africa—and here in England, from 1823 to 1837 (by 5 George iv. c. 6) all marriages were null and void in law unless celebrated in the presence of an Anglican clergyman! Moreover, the State still presumes sacrilegiously, as the Church has never done, to annul Christian marriages validly contracted and consummated. The whole outcry against Papal action in this case, so far as it is not due to local bigotry, springs from the perennial conflict between Cæsarism and the Church—the intolerance manifested by the secular State against any limitations of its absolute power.

And hence it is sad and strange to find Christian ministers and religious papers, who should resent the intrusion of the State into matters of conscience, so blinded by their hatred of "Rome," as to take arms against her in the present instance when she is merely standing for Christian principles. To be sure, the Church of Ireland, although disestablished, has always been thoroughly Erastian in spirit, and the Free Churches in

history.] We are filled with shame, we say, in hearing of this rubbish poured from the lips of a Bishop of our Communion into the greedy ears of Belfast groundlings. So speaks the worse kind of demagogue, pandering to the fiercest prejudice, stirring the most odious passions, and doing all in the name of 'our civil and religious liberties.'" It is significant of the temper of Irish Protestantism that after this outrageous utterance the speaker was elected by his co-religionists to the Primacy of Ireland.

spite of their "freedom" are never tired of invoking the civil power against the Church.¹ But we wonder at seeing the *Guardian* newspaper embarked in that particular galley. The *Guardian*, although not so full-blooded in its "Anglo-Catholicism" as the *Church Times*, represents practically the same ideals. Yet the following editorial notes might well be written by a Presbyterian from Belfast—

It is therefore of real importance that it should be made unmistakably clear that when Roman Catholics, in Ireland or in England, marry persons professing other forms of religion no alien authority has anything to say in the matter.²

And again,

For a foreign priest, or any collection of foreign priests, to pretend that a marriage contracted under the law of England, is, in circumstances which they choose to lay down, invalid, is a piece of insolence which could be committed only by the Vatican.³

Yet, the issue of the *Guardian* containing the first of these extracts, prints a letter full of reclamations against a marriage "contracted under the law of England" with the assistance of Anglican clergymen at the Chapel Royal, on Dec. 23rd. If writers in the *Guardian* may without blame condemn "the law of England" because it runs counter to the views of their co-religionists, why may not the Pope ignore that law when opposed to the spiritual prerogatives of the Church? The *Guardian* should really give up its pretence of Catholicity, and stick to the old conception of an exclusively National Church, which conception plainly inspired those editorial notes, for the notions of "foreign" and Catholic are incompatible. Amongst those who have been baptized in Christ, there is neither Jew nor Greek. Members of the Kingdom of God on earth, just as in Heaven, are all fellow-citizens, and that bond is deeper and more permanent than any mere links of nationality or even of family. If the *Guardian* wants to be consistent, it must drop the "John Bull" talk of "foreign priests," and confine itself to protesting against the undue interference—according to the "Branch theory"—of one Catholic Bishop with the diocesan affairs of another. But it is hard to be consistent in maintaining a theory which is constantly breaking down both on the score of logic and history.

J. K.

¹ There is no stronger upholder of State Absolutism in England than Dr. John Clifford. See his pamphlet *Why are we afraid of Rome?* discussed in THE MONTH for June, 1909.

² *The Guardian*, December 30, 1910.

³ *Ibid.* January 13, 1911.

Reviews.

I.—THE FILLING OF THE VOID.¹

OF late years there has been a widespread humanist reaction in the teaching of science. This is largely due to a newly awakened interest in the growth and gradual development of those thought-saving conceptions to which our science-students are heirs. The value of this revival will be at once apparent to anyone at all conversant with scientific or technical education; he is sure to have often noticed the superior smile with which the textbook-fed, scholarship-paid youth regards the gropings of a Galileo or a Newton (if he ever heard of them).

To a certain extent, manuals like those of Preston tried to impress a sense of historical perspective on students of physics. But such attempts can do but little; aiming at the double task of a clear practical presentation and of a preliminary historical sketch, it is inevitable that they should not attain success in either direction. And, on the other hand, a work of so wide a scope as that of Dr. Merz is of little use to the worker in science. The needs of the latter can be satisfied only by works on the lines marked out by men like Lasswitz, Picavet, Duhem and Mach. And in this department many gaps still remain.

One of these gaps has now been admirably filled by the Royal Astronomer for Ireland. We think that it was a very happy idea on Mr. Whittaker's part to apply his wide erudition and high mathematical attainments to the compilation of a history of the theories of aether and electricity. It is true that, as the poet tells us, "the quivering aether knows us and carries our quick commands"; and it is also true that the aether looms large in our modern physical theories. But for

¹ A History of the Theories of Aether and Electricity from the Age of Descartes to the Close of the Nineteenth Century. By E. T. Whittaker, F.R.S. London: Longmans, Green and Co. Pp. 475. Price, 12s. 6d. net. 1910.

all that, we know very little of this mysterious "fluid"; it still baffles our analysis and eludes our differential equations; it remains simply the nominative of the verb "to undulate." We have not yet succeeded even in freeing it from certain philosophical absurdities. It is not long since a distinguished Cambridge professor declared that "velocity relative to the aether" was "a base metaphysical doctrine which would have been rejected with scorn by Thomas Aquinas"! Under these circumstances it is clear that Dr. Whittaker's critical sifting of the concept in its historical aspects will be an invaluable aid to the students of philosophy and of science.

The author has wisely confined himself to the last 250 years; the earlier period has been sufficiently covered by the studies of Baümker, Huit, and others. Descartes, then, is taken as a starting-point, and the author gives a brief but clear exposition of his views, though indeed, like most English writers, he unduly depreciates Descartes in comparison with Bacon. The work of Hooke, Huygens, and Newton, is next admirably outlined. We are surprised, however, that due credit is not awarded to I. G. Pardies, S.J. (1636—1673), who was the real pioneer of the modern wave-theory of light.¹

We cannot, within the limits of this brief notice, follow Mr. Whittaker as he traces the growth of the aether-concept at the hands of men like Bradley, Fresnel, Kelvin, Faraday, Maxwell, J. J. Thomson. The reader will find a clearness of arrangement and a lucidity of exposition which is the outcome of patient industry and long research. We feel sure that Professor Whittaker's self-sacrificing labour will be widely appreciated. We should like to see his book in the hands of every University science-student, and—may we add?—in the hands of many philosophers who may be inclined "to care for none of these things."

In spite of his care, the author is guilty of a few slight inaccuracies. Thus, Descartes' *Dioptrique* was published

¹ See his two letters to Newton in *Phil. Trans.* for 1672. He had an interesting controversy with Descartes, in which he triumphantly refuted the latter's hypothesis of the infinite velocity of light, and for the first time gave the theory of aberration (Pardies, *Discourse of Local Motion*, &c. London, 1670). He wrote a dissertation on Wave-Motion, which (with some, not always happy, additions), was posthumously published by P. Ango, S.J., in 1682. But Huygens saw the MS. in Paris and expressly acknowledged his indebtedness to Pardies. Pardies died at the early age of thirty-seven, of a fever contracted in ministering to the prisoners of Bicêtre. His premature death was a great loss to science.

(anonymously) in 1637, and Father Grimaldi was born in 1613 (not 1618). Huygens' book was called *Traité* (not *Théorie*) *de la Lumière*.

It is only right that the author should emphasize the work of Trinity College men like MacCullagh and Fitzgerald. But we are surprised that a successor of Sir W. Rowan Hamilton should employ the vector-notation of Gans. However, we must be grateful for the introduction of vectors under any guise.

2.—MODERN HISTORY.¹

In their Preface to this twelfth volume the editors take their formal, though not their final, leave of readers and critics. Their farewell is formal, because the work as originally planned is substantially completed. It is not final, as there still remain to be issued two volumes, which will contain maps, genealogical tables, and a general Index. Those responsible for the volumes congratulate themselves that no great revolution has occurred to confound our main conceptions of the trend of current events; but, among the political changes mentioned in the Preface, must now be included the genesis of the Portuguese Republic.

For the historian of the remote past it is often a matter of careful search to get a single trustworthy authority; but, when treating of modern times the difficulties are of an entirely opposite character. Sources of information are so numerous, that it becomes well-nigh impossible even to tabulate the books that should be read and consulted. This is aptly illustrated in the volume under consideration, where the mere bibliography runs to 125 closely-printed pages. This in spite of the fact that no sources are given for chapter xxiv., "The Scientific Age;" probably because a list of works on science, that was only moderately exhaustive, would assume the proportions of a library catalogue.

Taking the volume as a whole, there are two main facts which confront the reader. The first is the evident sympathy, betrayed in many of the articles, with Socialism in all its phases: as it affects the individual, particular communities, or the State in general. Besides casual allusions, which occur in the professedly political articles, a whole section is devoted to "Social Movements."

¹ The Cambridge Modern History. Volume XII.: The Latest Age. Cambridge: The University Press. Price, 16s. net. 1910.

The other fact that strikes us is the rather frigid tone that is occasionally assumed when treating of the Catholic Church. This is very noticeable where the subject under discussion is Modernism in Italy. The fatherly action of Pius IX. with regard to the dying Victor Emmanuel does not seem to be correctly recorded. And is "the King who was an honest man" an accurate rendering of *Il re galantuomo*? On the other hand, it is instructive to note that the suppression of the Religious Orders is one among the reasons given to account for the terrible state of affairs in the Basilicata of southern Italy. The article on France tells with the utmost candour how godless Freemasonry and thorough-going Socialism have united forces to bring about the present state of affairs in that country.

Among the political articles one of the most striking is a graphic sketch of the Russo-Japanese War. The Russians, though beaten, were never routed; their stolid columns always fighting, even in retreat, with doggedness and determination. The writer makes out a good case for the Russians as a whole and for General Kuropatkin in particular.

The volume closes with five chapters that treat of those movements that are most distinctive of the latter part of the nineteenth century. Every Catholic is filled with legitimate pride at the part that has been played by the Church and the Pope her Head, in mitigating the horrors of war. For readers of *THE MONTH* it is interesting to note how Suarez occupies an honoured place among those who have striven to formulate a code of international law. In the chapter on the "Scientific Age" we see Mendel and Röntgen secure in their niches in the Temple of Fame. Modern exploration has perforce to be treated in so short a space that little more has been feasible than a bare mention of the name of a traveller and an indication of his main achievements. The chapter on the "Growth of Historical Science" gives due tribute to many a Catholic writer; from Mabillon in the dawn of the scientific method, down to Duchesne in this our twentieth century.

It must remain a matter of pure conjecture how far the great scholar, to whom the conception and plan of this monumental work are due, would have been able, had he lived, to modify the spirit of its contents. As it stands no Catholic can regard it with unmixed satisfaction, because for the most part it misunderstands the character of the Church and therefore cannot rightly represent her influence on secular affairs.

3—SCIENCE AND RELIGION.¹

Nothing has furnished the popular exponents of rationalism with a more favourite argument than the confident assertion which they have unceasingly repeated, that an acquaintance with science is inevitably destructive of religious belief, and that all who have earned a position of authority in physics and chemistry, and most of all in biology, are found to have become atheists or at least agnostics.

How far this is from the truth, or rather how much the reverse of it, is well shown in the excellent work before us, in which Father Kneller, exhibiting ample knowledge of his subject, brings overwhelming evidence to show how the real leaders of scientific thought are forced to recognize, if not always the truth of revealed religion, at least that of the groundwork on which it must rest, in the conclusions to which our reason leads, but which—contradicting the doctrine of the Apostle and the Council of the Vatican—our modern “scientists,” as they love to style themselves, are wont to deride as antiquated and obsolete.

Our author has done his work exceedingly well, and produced a catena of authorities that will be exceedingly useful to such as desire a ready means of checking the rationalistic boasts of which we have spoken. Though, not unnaturally, a leading part is assigned in his pages to continental, and particularly German authorities, the testimony of English and English-speaking savants, which for our countrymen is of special importance, is by no means neglected; excellent testimonies being furnished by men whose eminence none will deny, as for instance, Dalton, Davy, Brewster, Faraday, Clerk-Maxwell, Asa Gray, Agassiz (so much of whose work was done in America), Hugh Miller, Dana, Sedgwick, Lyell, Whewell, Stokes, Lord Rayleigh, Siemens, Herschel, Maury, Owen and Kelvin. To these might even be added the typical agnostic, Professor Huxley, who having devised the term by which to designate his creed of nescience, yet at the end of his life directed to be inscribed on his tombstone three lines written

¹ *Christianity and the Leaders of Modern Science. A contribution to the history of culture in the Nineteenth Century.* By Karl Alois Kneller, S.J. Translated from the second German edition by T. M. Kettle, B.L., M.P. With an introduction by Rev. T. A. Finlay, S.J., M.A. London, St. Louis, and Freiburg im Breisgau: B. Herder. Pp. vii, 403. Price, 6s. net. 1911.

by his wife which, if they meant anything, could only signify confident assurance of what he had declared to be unknowable :

Be not afraid, ye waiting hearts that weep :
For still He giveth His belovèd sleep,
And if an endless sleep He wills, so best.

But, although they do not at all impair the force and value of his work, there are some indications that the history of English science is not quite so familiar to Father Kneller as that of German or French. From the account he gives of the discovery of the planet Neptune (p. 95), it would be supposed that this great feat was achieved solely by Leverrier, not a word being said of our countryman Adams, who emulated if he did not slightly forestall the discovery of the French astronomer. A minor slip, which should, however, be rectified in a second edition, we trust soon to be required, is that the former Astronomer Royal for Scotland, Piazzi Smyth, is called Piazzi Smith (p. 94).

But these are obviously trivial blemishes which do not in any way impair the value of the book, whose great merit is the calm scientific spirit by which it is characterized, no attempt being made to press evidence beyond its proper scope, or to quote a writer as a witness on the side of orthodoxy merely on the strength of conventional phrases adopted by him without attaching to them any definite meaning.

The price of the book, unfortunately, seems likely seriously to retard its circulation.

4.—THE AWAKENING OF SCOTLAND.¹

The period of history which Mr. Mathieson here sets before us is not, one must confess, romantic in itself, and, by comparison with previous centuries, it is uneventful in the extreme. Yet these fifty years were of deep consequence to the development of Scottish character, a process of great interest to everyone, and especially so to those who see the final result before them. Mr. Mathieson's philosophic spirit is admirably adapted to the task of discovering the secret of this growth, and in the reasoned flow of his story we follow without difficulty the action and counter-action of the forces which awakened Scotland

¹ *A History from 1747 to 1797* by William Law Mathieson. Glasgow : Maclehose. Pp. xiv, 303. Price, 10s. 6d. 1910.

from that profound trance, in which she lay for half a century after the '45; stagnating as it were, after the Union with England had stifled those violent religious and dynastic passions, which make the previous period so thrilling.

In the last chapter of the volume before us, we see the beginnings of rapid material development. Whereas in the first chapters the chief theme of the historian is the monotonous combination of Anglophobia with subservience to government, he is as busy as he can be at the end in noting the rapid spread of what we now call "enterprise"; the building of docks, roads and canals, the spread of trade, the improved methods of husbandry and commerce. But it must not be thought that this commencement of material prosperity is the reawakening of Scotland, properly so called. A superficial observer might perhaps think so; for the spasms of political or constitutional agitation, of spiritual, and intellectual enthusiasm, which convulsed the country in consequence of the American War and of the French Revolution (movements well described in chapters ii. to v.) passed away again with disappointingly little result, so far as appearances were concerned. In reality there had been real progress in the breaking down of prejudice, in the spread of education, in the adoption of higher and broader ideals. Scotland had now reached a stage at which she could arouse herself and advance civilly, socially, nationally, *pari passu* with her increasing resources.

Such is Mr. Mathieson's story, which is told throughout with a care and good taste that always preserves him from being commonplace, even when he has to handle times that are rude, men who are unheroic, and religious discussions which are not especially impressive or edifying. The episode of the prohibition of the theatres by the presbytery of Edinburgh, 1725 to 1757, and the actors' devices for evading the law by acting *gratis* and recouping themselves by a concert, is capitally told.¹ Such pictures as that of the patriotic George Dempster² and that of the *nouveaux riches* "Tobacco Lords" of Glasgow—"in the splendour of their cocked hats, scarlet cloaks, and gold-headed canes, with the pavement reserved for their use"³—lend plenty of life and diversity to a narrative which is well worthy of ranking with Mr. Mathieson's other excellent volumes. We regret that there is no mention of the Catholics. Despite their small numbers, their heroic perseverance should make them important in the eyes of every thoughtful, patriotic Scotsman.

¹ Pp. 158—165.

² Pp. 94—97.

³ P. 244.

5.—A PHILOSOPHIC ALMAGEST.¹

Leibniz wrote long ago to Father Malebranche: "Les mathématiciens ont autant besoin d'être philosophes que les philosophes d'être mathématiciens." It is only of late years, however, that we have begun fully to realize the significance of this remark. The philosophy of mathematics has generally been discussed by philosophers whose mathematical attainments were rather slender. And the mathematics which they discussed were usually elaborated by mathematicians who had little interest in philosophy. The result is that a good deal of pioneer work has remained to be done by the present generation. The labours of Weierstrass, Dedekind, Cantor, and others were but preliminary investigations, and not a thorough philosophic synthesis. Even the researches of Peano, Couturat, Burali-Forti, left much to be desired. Indeed, it is not too much to say that the monumental work, whose first volume lies before us, is the first to attempt a complete systematic presentation of the principles of mathematics. Messrs. Whitehead and Russell determined to write a book *totus teres atque rotundus*, to make "a clean sweep" of the subject. The present work, we are told, was originally intended to be comprised in a second volume of Mr. Russell's *Principles of Mathematics*. But as the authors advanced, it became increasingly evident that the subject is a very much larger one than they had supposed. It therefore became necessary to write an independent book whose analysis should be deeper, and whose scope should be wider.

Of course, no note of finality necessarily attaches to this work. Indeed, for the present and for some time to come, it is inevitable that any treatment of the philosophy of mathematics will be subjected to the criticisms of mathematicians and to the objections of philosophers. It is only after such tedious discussions that the truth will emerge.

The work of Mr. Whitehead and Mr. Russell might be described as an obstinate attempt to begin at the beginning. This object has, of course, no pedagogical reference. The elements of mathematics are often wrongly confused with elementary mathematics. This confusion sometimes seems to exist even in the mind of M. Poincaré, when he makes merry

¹ *Principia Mathematica*. By A. N. Whitehead, F.R.S., and B. Russell, F.R.S. Vol. I. Cambridge University Press. Pp. 666. Price, 25s. net. 1910.

over the doings of the logisticians. Elementary mathematics are necessarily very complex, and rest on complicated, unanalyzed intuitions. It is only after our University course that we try to explore the "elements." From the logistic point of view, these elements are a limited number of mutually consistent axioms, definitions, and premisses containing indefinables, from which, by pure logical reasoning, we deduce all the conclusions of mathematics. But this task is exceedingly difficult. It is not at all clear that the whole work is over when you have "laid down" nine indefinable concepts and twenty indemonstrable propositions. Where, in fact, are we to begin? What is the test of "simplicity"? We would not go as far as Professor H. C. Brown in declaring that "the unclearness of mathematical logic and the lack of agreement in its usages makes all efforts to transfer its concepts to philosophy impracticable." But we are not yet convinced that Mr. Russell has begun at the beginning. For instance, we often see numerical notions shyly concealing themselves among the definitions; and sometimes a vague conception of "existence" rambles aimlessly among the symbols. Indeed, we think that the only real objections against *Principia Mathematica* are those directed against the fundamental premisses. Many of the statements about "propositional functions" (analogous to the verb-functions of Ross) are very disputable. And, let us confess it, the separate treatment of classes, relations and propositions seems to be a useless triplication of the logistic calculus.

One thing is quite clear from this new view-point, viz., that the conception of mathematics is in some respects wider and in others narrower than the usual view. The new mathematics does not deal with "lines" but with "classes of classes;" it considers a "many-one relation" instead of a "material point." It is, therefore, quite incompetent to decide any question as to the space of experience. We are sorry to note in the present volume a reference to a future treatment of "geometry." To apply the term "geometry" to the attenuated domain of relations and classes, is simply to perpetuate error and confusion.

We cannot here mention, much less discuss, all the fundamental questions treated by the authors. To do so would be tantamount to outlining the basic problems which confront the human mind. In particular we should have to discuss the

generalized conception of the variable, for this, in our opinion, is the heart of the whole subject. Many readers will probably not venture beyond the Introduction; but even here they will find many brilliant discussions—for instance, the treatment of “the vicious-circle principle” and the “theory of logical types.”

The remainder of the book will probably strike terror into the heart of the uninitiated. For at first sight the forest of symbols will remind one of the Nautical Almanac or some Chinese classic. But such symbolization is inevitable in the interests of clear thinking and precise explicit formulation of assumptions. The symbols have, however, not always been chosen with reference to manuscript reproduction by the reader. In particular we have not taken kindly to the replacement of brackets by dots. It would certainly be a help to the reader if a bookmark, containing a brief explanation of the symbols, were published with each volume. The book is certainly a typographical feat, and is printed in the well-known style and size of the mathematical textbooks of the Cambridge University Press. We have noticed very few *errata*; but we may observe that *Formulario Mathematico* is not Italian. Finally, a word of praise is due to the ingenious arrangement of the results—a modification of the Dewey decimal system of classification.

The authors must be congratulated on having produced a work of such enduring excellence. Their arduous researches will be rewarded by the gratitude and appreciation of all serious students of mathematics and philosophy. The remaining volumes of this *μεγίστη σύνταξις* will be expected with interest.

6.—ANCIENT MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.¹

To write about the music of the past so as to interest those who are not already in love with it, is no easy task; and the same may be said about ancient musical instruments. This makes Mr. Galpin's success all the more remarkable, for his readers, even those little in love with the simplicity of our forefathers, will, we are sure, soon acknowledge that he has made the ancient playthings he describes, not merely interesting,

¹ Old English Instruments of Music, their history and character. By Francis W. Galpin. London: Methuen. (*The Antiquaries Books*). 102 Illustrations. Pp. xxv, 327. 1910.

but actually suggestive of those sweet, though primitive airs, with which they once resounded. The number which he has figured and described in detail is large; sixty-seven in all, reducible to fourteen classes, to each of which a chapter is devoted. First comes "the rote or harp," followed by the "gittern" (zither), the mandore and lute, and so on through the virginal, the pipe, the horn, the trumpet, the organ, &c., to the organ and finally to the "consort" (concert). The various methods of musical notation is also explained, and their gradual unification in the vocal staff notation. Anecdotes and illustrations, often quaint and humorous, abound, and many a puzzling term, which one had once passed over as inexplicable in reading old poets, is elucidated; the instrument itself is perhaps figured, and its mechanism made clear. In fine, the author has the secret of communicating his enthusiasm to his readers, who will find themselves not a little surprised and pleased by the novelty of his information, and the sweet note of sympathy, which he so often succeeds in touching.

7.—SPAIN AS SHE REALLY IS.¹

Ever since George Borrow set the evil fashion, Spain has been the happy hunting-ground of anti-Catholic bigotry in search for matter wherewith to vilify the Church. The race of these mud-rakers never seems to die out, and in our days it has derived fresh vigour from the Ferrer agitation. It would seem that whenever an anti-Catholic writer, like Mr. R. Shaw or Mr. G. H. Ward, wants to add to his income, he selects a like-minded publisher, like Messrs. Cassell, visits, say, Barcelona, and then turns out for British consumption a slanderous hotch-potch of lies and prejudices, called perhaps "Facts about Spain," or "A Decaying Nation." Or, more economically, like Mr. McCabe, he selects and publishes a *réchauffé* from previous libels. In refreshing contrast, both as to style and matter, to such unfair and illiterate productions is a delightful book of Spanish travel by an American lady bearing the well-known name of Boyle O'Reilly, and presumably some connection of the late gifted editor of the *Boston Pilot*.

It is a travel-book of the style of Hogarth and Belloc; the impressions of an open cultured sympathetic mind, alive to all beauty whether physical or moral, and viewing with a wise

¹ Heroic Spain. By E. Boyle O'Reilly. London: Burns and Oates. Pp. 440. Price, 7s. 6d. net. 1911.

tolerance alien habits and pursuits. And the result is a picture of Spain which bears the seal of accuracy and—sure sign of literary skill—kindles a desire in the reader to follow in the footsteps of the writer. It represents a deeply-religious land, where religion, too, bears its proper fruit in the strengthening of all the natural virtues,—courtesy, courage, generosity, kindness—and has its due influence on the whole of life. Not that Miss (or Mrs.) Boyle O'Reilly represents everything *couleur de rose*. The bare physical features and the bitter cold of the high, central plateau, the atrocities of the bull-ring, the extravagant pietisms of the south—all come in for animadversion. But she sees what no Protestant libeller can see, how real and deep-seated is the faith in the hearts of the people, and how patient under centuries of misgovernment "other worldliness" has made the race. Her historical *aperçus* and biographical sketches of national celebrities are worked into the narrative very effectively, not the least delightful being her skilful and sympathetic presentment of the work and spirit of St. Teresa. Her tastes are markedly architectural, and we are led with tasteful appreciation from cathedral to cathedral throughout the whole Peninsula. Her long sojourn in the land, and her avoidance for the most part of tourist routes give weight and value to her opinions. If any of our readers have had the misfortune to come across at first or second-hand any of those loathsome compilations of religious rancour we have alluded to, let them hasten to read and to recommend *Heroic Spain*: it will more than atone for the disgust they have experienced: it will set the mind free from the poison and give it healthy nutriment as well.

8.—LITURGICAL CONSULTATIONS.¹

We have already noticed the most useful French translation which M. l'Abbé Boudinhon has published of Cardinal Gennari's discussion of moot points in moral theology and canon law under the title of *Consultations de Morale et de Droit Canonique*. The series has now been completed by the issue of a fifth volume on liturgical problems of the same kind. The value of the work is best brought home to the reader by a

¹ *Consultations de Morale de Droit Canonique et de Liturgie. Par son Eminence le Card. Casimir Gennari. Translated by the Abbé A. Boudinhon. 3me Partie, Liturgie. Paris: Lethielleux. Pp. 324. Price, 4 fr. 1910.*

glance at the table of contents. We venture to say that any too self-satisfied rubrician who examines it, will make startling discoveries as to the number of practical questions which he would be puzzled to answer off-hand. To take a few examples, which from their brevity more readily lend themselves to quotation, Cardinal Gennari propounds and answers such *dubia* as the following: "At what hour can Holy Communion be administered to the faithful?" ; "What genuflexions is a priest vested for Mass bound to make in passing through the church?" ; "To whom must the rites of Christian burial be refused?" ; "In what cases is it lawful to carry out the *exequiae parvulorum*?" Cardinal Gennari's discussion of these various points is marked by great sobriety of judgment and breadth of view as well as by an intimate acquaintance with all the decrees of the Congregations. Needless to say that M. l'Abbé Boudinhon's translation has the quality of absolute lucidity, while his own intimate acquaintance with the subject-matter of the volume has occasionally permitted him to introduce in a footnote some useful correction when more recent legislation has modified the conditions of the problem propounded by the most eminent author. A useful index to all five volumes of the series has been provided at the end of this volume.

9.—DOCUMENTS OF JEWISH SECTARIES.¹

We have here the first edition of certain new Hebrew Texts from recent discoveries at Cairo, referring to early Jewish Sects. Unfortunately, both are very fragmentary, without beginning and without end, and often the lines themselves are similarly damaged. The editor has taken great pains over restoring the text as far as he could, and has even attempted to give a translation of the first volume, but, as he remarks, no student who has had experience in editing texts can fail to see at once that very little can be taken for certain, and the largest part of

¹ In two volumes. Volume I. (pp. lxiv, 20, with 2 plates). Fragments of a Zadokite Work, edited from Hebrew Manuscripts in the Cairo Genizah Collection, and provided with an English Translation, Introduction, and Notes, by S. Schechter, M.A., Litt. D. (Cantab.)

Volume II. (pp. viii, 50). Fragments of the Book of the Commandments by Anan, edited from Hebrew Manuscripts, and provided with a short Introduction and Notes, by S. Schechter, M.A., &c. Demy 4to. Both from Cambridge University Press. Price, 10s. net. 1910.

the Commentary and the conclusions based on it in the Introduction, can only be regarded as tentative.

The language of the MS. is for the most part pure Biblical Hebrew. The first three pages rise even to the dignity of Scriptural poetry, though a good deal of it is obscured by the unfortunate condition in which the text is at present. But there are in it terms and expressions which occur only in the Mishna or even only in the Rabbinic literature dating from the first centuries of the Middle Ages.

The contents of the MS. are, in their present state, about equally divided between Hagada and Halacha. The first part (pp. 1—8), deals largely with matter of an historical and doctrinal nature, and the second part is chiefly occupied with subjects of a rather legal character. The Hagada as well as the Halacha represent apparently the constitution and the teachings of a Sect long ago extinct, but in which we may perhaps easily detect the parent of later schisms with which time has dealt more leniently.

As to its history ; after the completion of 390 years forming the "End of the Wrath," begun with the delivering of Israel into the hands of Nebuchadnezzar, the King of Babylon, God, we are told, made bud from Israel and Aaron a branch to inherit his land. (This would bring us to within a generation of Simon the Just, who flourished about 290 B.C.) For twenty years, however, closely following the "End of the Wrath," Israel was blind, groping its way, because of the evil effects of the erroneous teachings (or waters of lies) of the Man of Scoffing who led Israel astray. (This brings us into the midst of the Hellenistic persecutions preceding the Maccabean revolt, about 176 B.C.) But at last, as it would seem, this scion from Aaron and Israel overcame all difficulties, and was recognized as the Teacher of Righteousness whose mission is to make Israel walk in the ways of God.

This Teacher is also called the "Only Teacher" or the "Only One," and is identical with "the Law-giver who Interprets the Law," referred to in connection with the princes and nobles "who went forth out of the land of Judah." The activity of these latter, though representing both Aaron and Israel, consisted only in continuing and carrying out the precepts of the Law-giver, in which they were "to walk in them for all end of the wickedness." This seems to be the period intervening between the first appearance of the Teacher

of Righteousness (the founder of the Sect) who was gathered in (or died), and the second appearance of the Teacher of Righteousness who is to rise in "the end of the days." Moreover, the Only Teacher, or Teacher of Righteousness, is identical with Messiah or the Anointed One from Aaron and Israel, whose advent is expected by the Sect, through whom He made them know His holy spirit, and in whose rise the Sect saw the fulfilment of the prophecy, "there shall come a star out of Jacob." Apparently this Anointed One was rejected by the great bulk of the nation, who "spoke rebellion" against Him. What must be especially noted is that the Messiah of the Sect is a priest, a descendant from Aaron and Israel. Of a Messiah descending from Judah, there is no mention in our text. As a contrast to and substitute for David and his dynasty, the Sect put up Zadok and his descendants (the sons of Zadok). These differences led to a complete separation of the Sect from the bulk of the Jewish nation. We are further told that they left the land of Judah and settled in the city of Damascus. They emigrated there under the leadership of the "Star," where they established a New Covenant. Apparently the Sect continued its existence for a considerable time after these events had taken place. The Sect was constituted of four estates: Priests, Levites, Israelites, and Proselytes. At the head of the governing body stood two men, the one a regular priest, whilst the other bore the title of Censor (*mebakker*), an office otherwise unknown in Judaism. Besides the Books of the Canon of the Old Testament, the Sect seems to have considered as sacred certain Pseudepigrapha, as the Book of Jubilees, the Testaments of the Twelve Patriarchs, and some others.

The term Zadokites naturally suggests the Sadducees; but the present state of knowledge of the latter's doctrines and practices does not offer enough points of resemblance to justify the identification of them with our Sect. At present it seems to the editor that the only ancient Sect which here comes into consideration is the Dosithean, for our Sect has left so many marked traces on the accounts which have come down to us about the Dositheans that we may conclude that they were in some way an offshoot from the schism which is the subject of our inquiry.

Short Notices.

IT was to be expected that the appearance of Mr. Lacey's *Roman Diary*, giving the impressions of a close observer, from the outside, of the examination and discussion which preceded the Papal declaration of the nullity of Anglican Orders in 1896, should give occasion for the publication of better-informed accounts of the circumstances of that important decision. The first of these to appear in book form is Abbot Gasquet's *Leaves from my Diary, 1894—1896* (Burns and Oates, 2s. 6d. net.), which is not only very interesting in itself, but supplies many needful correctives to Mr. Lacey's narrative. The Abbot clearly brings out the false ideas concerning the nature and aspirations of Anglicanism which were current in Rome as the result of Abbé Portal's ignorant and misguided enthusiasm for re-union, and also how purely domestic the whole matter was, being an investigation conducted merely to put beyond dispute the correctness of the Church's traditional attitude towards clergymen converted from Anglicanism.

All lovers of St. Teresa and of the prayer she practised so perfectly, will welcome a new edition of David Lewis' well-known translation of her autobiography: *The Life of St. Teresa of Jesus* (Baker, 9s. net.). The first English edition published by Burns and Oates in 1870, was reviewed in *THE MONTH* for April that year. The third edition, with an introduction by Father Benedict Zimmerman, O.C.D., the Prior of St. Luke's, Wincanton, came out in 1904, and already we have the fourth edition, which has been compared with the original autograph text, re-edited with additional notes and supplied with a scholarly Introduction. Now-a-days when, on the one hand, we hear people speaking as glibly of the prayer of mysticism as if it were to be had for the asking, and, on the other, when we see materialism so widespread, the study of the life of a saint like Teresa, at once so human in her weaknesses and so supernatural in her perfections, may help to bring us back to the happy mean of uplifting worldly life without dragging down the spiritual to a commonplace level.

Father Zimmerman has also edited St. Teresa's famous *Way of Perfection* (Baker, 6s. net.), newly translated by the Benedictines of Stanbrook from a "conflated" original, thus embodying all the Saint wrote in her several revisions. As before, the editor contributes an excellent Preface dealing with the history of the book and its remarkable character. For, although addressed primarily to an Order of contemplative nuns, it is full of sound practical advice suitable to those who seek perfection in the world by means of prayer and union with God. Both volumes are beautifully printed.

Several second editions may be briefly noticed. We welcomed very cordially in November last Father Hull's searching analysis of the ultimate basis of morality contained in his booklet, *Why Should I be Moral?* (Sands and Co., 6d. net.), and again recommend it to all intelligent Catholics. The little pamphlet on *The Angelus and the Regina Coeli* (Longmans,

6d. net) has been revised in a second impression: it gives the text and a short commentary on these beautiful prayers. Finally, the elaborate disquisition on the Sixth Commandment, *Ne Moechaberis* (Libreria Editrice Fiorentina, 4 lire), from the medico-pastoral point of view, by Father A. Gemelli, O.F.M., has been thoroughly revised and enlarged; a useful work for those it concerns.

The Path of the Eternal Wisdom, by John Cordelier (John R. Watkins, 2s. net), is, to quote the sub-title, "a Mystical Commentary on the Way of the Cross." Its purport is to show that the fourteen Stations of the Cross disclose the map of all higher human life: the soul's "only pathway from illusion to reality." It will bring no conviction, we think, to the ordinary reader, because it is too highly mystical in the sense of being vague, illusive, imaginative and visionary. On the whole it seems more likely to mislead or be misapplied than otherwise, though a wise and experienced reader could for the most part resolve its obscurities and indefiniteness into sound sense.

There are now a considerable number of books, both full treatises and manuals, on the modern science of Pedagogy, which aim at teaching the teacher how to teach, by instructing him in the principles of Psychology, Physiology and Morals, but, although there is no lack of Catholic works on these latter subjects, Mr. T. P. Keating has filled an important gap in our educational literature by the issue of his **Science of Education** (Longmans, 2s. 6d. net), which is based upon the sound, long-tried philosophy of the Church, not upon that made in Germany. Teachers may accordingly use it without any of that misgiving produced by the contradictory and inconsistent theories of non-Catholic professors, brilliant and suggestive though much of their work is. At the same time, Mr. Keating's terminology is that made familiar by modern educational writers, and so his book may be used with intelligence even by those not grounded in his philosophy. That it may have a wide circulation is devoutly to be wished, since even in the teaching profession there is much false psychology and ethics.

Two pamphlets of sermons before us—**The Religion of the Englishman** by the Rev. H. F. B. Mackay (Longmans, 1s. net) and **Religion and English Society** by the Rev. J. N. Figgis (Longmans, 1s. net) bear eloquent testimony to the strong feeling of apprehension aroused in thoughtful hearts by present-day materialism. Both these clergymen are "Anglo-Catholics," believers in the sacerdotal and sacramental system which has been so greatly developed in the Establishment during the last sixty or seventy years, and both are naturally struck by the menacing signs of the times—the sight of parents who have never had effective religious instruction themselves, cheerfully acquiescing in the all-but-pagan upbringing of their children, the growing practice of restricting families, the decay of dogma and morality, the Godlessness of the age. Both are optimistic notwithstanding, trusting to prayer and sacramental grace to stem the current of worldliness: in other words, they contend that Society can be saved only by a return to Catholic ideals;—in which, of course, we agree with them. Mr. Mackay's six sermons are good specimens of familiar yet earnest pulpit eloquence: the two addresses of Mr. Figgis are more academic.

The volume published by M. l'Abbé Texier under the title **Les Paroles de la Sainte Vierge** (Oudin, 3.75 fr.) is not concerned with the Seven Words, those authentic utterances of our Lady preserved in the Gospels, but with the communications which she is related to have held with various devout

clients of hers amongst the saints. These private revelations, of course, make no demand upon our faith, and this once understood, the pious reader may derive much profit from this volume, for the author has grouped the recorded sayings around the different dogmas of the faith, and connected them by a lucid and eloquent commentary of his own.

The previous works on the Old and New Testament by the Professor of Exegesis at the Catholic Institute of Paris, M. l'Abbé Eug. Manganot prepare one to appreciate the sound scholarship of his latest volume, **Les Évangiles Synoptiques** (Letouzey et Ané, 3.50 fr.). The subject is developed in nine lectures, read from the Chair of Apologetic, and setting forth in as clear and popular style as the circumstances and theme permitted, the history of the formation of the Synoptic Gospels, and various discussed points in their record—the Virgin Birth, the features of the Public Ministry, our Lord's testimony to His character and mission, the Resurrection, &c. All the way through, the lecturer keeps his eye on M. Loisy, whose essays in Biblical Criticism are thus fulfilling the providential rôle of all heresies—*sc.* giving occasion for the fuller manifestation of the truth. But Professor Manganot's acquaintance with the literature of his subject, as attested by numerous references is very wide, and his book can be recommended as a satisfactory presentment of the orthodox view.

Dom Benedict Weld-Blundell has recently edited the second volume of **The Inner Life and Writings of Dame Gertrude More** (Washbourne, 5s.), the holy Benedictine nun, who died at Cambrai in 1633, aged twenty-eight, after ten years of religious life. This volume contains her original writings, viz., the *Confessio Amantis*, devout outpourings of her prayerful spirit, various Fragments, and her "Apology" for herself and her Spiritual Director, the Venerable Father Baker. Her Confessions are a series of colloquies with God on the subject of various religious virtues, and breathe a spirit of Divine love. In the "Apology" it is curious to find traces of the dislike which the ascetic system of the Society of Jesus sometimes excited in the older Religious Orders, dislike which in this case, as the editor handsomely acknowledges, was founded on imperfect knowledge. These two volumes form a valuable and edifying record of spiritual experiences.

The spirit and the historical knowledge with which the Rev. T. A. Gurney sets out to write an Anglican Handbook called **The Church of the First Three Centuries** (Longmans, 1s. net), may be gathered from his remark concerning St. Cyprian's *De Unitate Ecclesiae*. "Only by a forged interpolation on the part of Roman writers could his influence have been invoked to support it," [the Supremacy of the Papal See]. The rest of the booklet is dominated by that manifest *parti pris*: it is in no sense a work of research, but a compilation from Gwatkin, Benson, Harnack, and others, including Mgr. Duchesne, when the latter's views suit the author's argument.

The great French Dominican preacher, who died last September, has not had to wait long for a biography. In **Le Père Ollivière; 1835—1910** (Lethielleux, 2.00 fr.), one of his religious brethren, Père A.-M. Rouillon, O.P., has given a pleasing and picturesque account of this "second Lacordaire," who twice preached the Conferences at Notre Dame, the first time during the "terrible year" of 1871, and again in 1897. On this latter occasion he delivered that famous discourse in the presence of the President and Ministers, concerning the calamitous "Charity Bazaar," the outspokenness of which raised such a storm in "official" France, that thenceforward Notre Dame was closed to his eloquence. Père Rouillon's narrative, illustrated by

many portraits and several clever sketches from his friend's pencil, gives the true setting of this and other exciting events in the intrepid and apostolic career of Père Ollivier.

Hamon's great definitive Life of St. Francis of Sales, revised by M. Gonthier, Canon of Annecy, and M. Letourneau of Saint-Sulpice, has been brought into the compass of a single volume—*Vie abrégé de Saint François de Sales* (Gabalda, 3.50 fr.)—by the same two able collaborators. Even in its abridged form, it occupies over 500 closely-printed pages, and we have the assurance that nothing essential to the proper appreciation of the Saint and his history is omitted. We trust his gracious influence in the Church will be spread still wider by the publication of this volume.

An authoress who is responsible for an excellent English sketch of St. Francis—Mrs. Louise Stacpoole-Kenny—has written a similar account of the "great reforming Cardinal," *St. Charles Borromeo* (Washbourne, 3s. 6d.). The tercentenary of his canonization last year, and the famous "Borromeo Encyclical" of Pope Pius, of which the Protestants of Germany tried to make political capital, must have made many anxious to have an account of his career, so short and yet so wonderfully full. In Mrs. Kenny's pages they will find a skilful, if not over-critical, presentment of the main facts.

It is not easy to see the principle which has governed the selection of the subjects figuring in M. Lethielleux' series, *Femmes de France* (Lethielleux, 0.60 fr.), of which four numbers have reached us. It is certainly not always good reputation, as may be seen from some of the names. The author of these little studies—Mme. de La Fayette, Mdle. de Montpensier, Georges Sand, and Mme. de Sévigné—is Professor C. Lecigne, and his treatment leaves nothing to be desired. Each character is clearly and fairly presented, and there is none of that condonation of laxity, whether of belief or practice, which is so apt to disfigure the biographies of celebrities.

In *Joseph Haydn: the Story of his Life* (Ave Maria Press, \$1.25), translated from the German of Franz von Seeburg by the Rev. J. M. Toohey, C.S.C., we have a biographical romance of the highest interest. The character of the great Catholic composer is sympathetically sketched and though there is a good deal of embroidery in the shape of long conversations, the main facts of his career are faithfully and vividly reported.

The thirteenth volume of the series, *Textes et Documents pour l'étude historique du Christianisme*, published under the direction of MM. H. Hemmer and P. Lejay, contains several of the *Evangelies Apocryphes* (Picard et Fils, 3.00 fr.), viz., the *Protévangile de Jacques*, *Pseudo-Matthieu*, and *Evangile de Thomas*—Greek texts annotated and translated by C. Michel—and the *Histoire de Joseph le Charpentier*, a Coptic and an Arabian redaction, both translated with notes by P. Peeters, S.J. Apart from their interest to students of Christian Origins, who will find in this edition all that is necessary for the due appreciation of these ancient documents, the Apocryphal Gospels, telling us as they do much that is not authentic about the life of our Lord, show how divinely inspired the Church was in refusing to admit them, for all their piety and simplicity, into the Canon.

In the fourteenth volume of the same series, *Eusèbe: Histoire Ecclesiastique, livres V.—VIII.* (Picard, 5.00 fr.), the learned Curé Doyen de Nuits, M. Emile Grapin, continues the work he began in the second, and with the same skill and success. The Greek text is faced with a clear

French translation, and there are copious notes in the Appendix establishing and explaining the text. As the editor wisely remarks—"Le véritable commentaire de cette partie de *l'Histoire ecclésiastique* serait une histoire parallèle rédigée avec toutes les ressources de la Science moderne," and accordingly we find frequent references to Mgr. Duchesne's *Histoire ancienne de l'Eglise*.

Except the **Social Year-Book for 1911** (C.T.S., 6d. net), reviewed in our last issue, the recent output of the Catholic Truth Society is comprised in a number of penny pamphlets. Perhaps the most important of these is that called **A Catholic Social Catechism**, which is an exposition, by way of question and answer, of the chief disorders of Society and the remedies prescribed by Catholic teaching. The Catechism deals with broad principles and does not pretend to be exhaustive, but it is just the thing to awaken Catholics to a sense of their duty to the community, a duty springing directly from their possession of the true faith. Two new and valuable papers are added to the fifth volume of *Lectures on the History of Religions*, viz., **The Religions of Primitive Races**, translated from the French of Mgr. A. Le Roy, Bishop of Alinda, and **The Religions of Japan**, translated from the German of J. Dahlmann, S.J., missionary at Tokyo. Both are of special interest to English readers, and are provided with excellent bibliographies. **Catholicism and the Future**, by Father R. H. Benson, is a reprint of a remarkable article which attracted much attention when it first appeared in *The Atlantic Monthly* for August last. It is a most eloquent piece of apologetic literature, and should be widely distributed. In **The Adventures of a Bible** the Very Rev. Provost Holder, of Dundee, retails his fruitless endeavours to induce a certain Protestant pamphleteer to furnish evidence for one of the usual conversion-by-reading-the-Bible fictions. The pamphlet—**Elementary Lessons on the Holy Eucharist**—by Dom Lambert Nolle, O.S.B., is written to suit the capacity of little children, and follows the novel plan of being arranged around the ceremonies of the Mass. Two interesting lectures have been written by Mgr. Cologan for use with the magic-lantern—**St. Peter's, Old and New**, and **The Vatican Palace**—for the instruction and consolation of those who have not been to Rome.

The Bishop of Cremona is well known as a powerful and original thinker who has a clear and firm grasp, on the one hand, of the doctrine and traditions of the Church, and, on the other, of the needs of the age. The four volumes, therefore, of his sermons—**Christian Mysteries, or Discourses for all the Great Feasts of the Year** (Benziger, \$5.00)—which his colleague in the Episcopate, the Bishop of Nashville, has translated, will be welcomed both as *adjumenta oratoris sacri* and as devout reading for the faithful.

Leaves from Tyburn Tree (Tyburn Convent, 3d.), is a choice collection of extracts both in prose and verse of passages dealing with the past and present history of Tyburn, and with the circumstances of the holy community that offer their lives in perpetual expiation in the convent established near the site of the ancient gallows. As is well known, the Sisters have been faced with the prospect of having to abandon their sacred mission through financial difficulties. Although these for the present have been met, the condition of the community is by no means yet secure, and it is to be hoped that the sale of this little book and the generosity its perusal will evoke may finally put this holy work beyond the reach of vicissitude or failure.

The great *Scripturae Sacrae Cursus*, on which the German Province of the Society of Jesus has been so long engaged, is gradually drawing to a

close, and the publication of the third volume of the *Lexicon Biblicum M—Z* (Lethielleux, 16.00 fr.), marks another definite stage in advance. The first volume was published in 1905, and the second in 1907. The whole work is a monument of patient and scholarly research. Although the articles are not treated so exhaustively as in the familiar English Dictionaries of the Bible, the more important have full bibliographies attached to them, and the volumes are excellently equipped with maps and plans and chronological tables. We congratulate Father Hagen, S.J., the Editor, and his collaborators on the completion of their important task.

M. Louis Perroy is already known as the author of a book of remarkable spiritual insight: *La Montée du Calvaire*. In *Le Royaume de Dieu* (Lethielleux, 3.50 fr.) we find the same keen sense of supernatural values expressed with the same literary skill and fervour of tone. It is, in effect, an exposition of the nature and products of grace in the individual and in the world, as also of the results of its culpable absence. But the development of the theme is conducted with such art and illustrated by such eloquence that it may be read with ever fresh interest and profit.

Professor Albion W. Small, of Chicago University, in *The Meaning of Social Science* (Cambridge University Press, 6s. net.), talks round his subject in ten lectures without once giving a clear definition of what it is. Clearness in fact does not enter at all into the Professor's literary outfit, for, what with American slang and a love for hazy abstractions borrowed from biology, his meaning is rarely on the surface. We gather up and down that the task of social science is "to make out the meaning of human experience" and that human experience "is the evolution of purposes in men, and of the action and reaction of men upon one another in pursuit of these changing purposes within conditions which are set by the reactions between men and physical nature." (We must say we prefer the Professor when he puts the problem in his ordinary language "What sort of a place is this world anyway, and how can we make the most out of it?") The whole volume is composed in the same windy strain, the lecturer takes no count of Providence, of revelation, of the Church (except to sneer at it), of religion as based on the manifestations of God's will: he is an After-Christian with all the intellectual pride of a Pagan. If he is a type of the University Professor in the States, we don't wonder at the outcry against those seats of learning as seminaries of Godlessness.

Nearly a year has passed since we commended the first two volumes of Dr. Coglan's Theological Course as the production of a professor familiar with the religious mentality of the British Isles, and able accordingly to expound his doctrine with a view to local needs. The same qualification is especially advantageous in regard to his third volume, *De Incarnatione* (Sands, 5s. net), for this treatise is beyond all others important here at present when the Divinity of our Lord is being attacked on so many grounds. Dr. Coglan keeps in the main to the order of St. Thomas, and refutes modern errors only incidentally, pointing out, with all the traditional scholastic clearness, their nature and their consequences. It is a text-book of which Maynooth may well be proud, and which will, we trust, be used widely beyond its walls.

Another theological treatise on the same subject hails from Amsterdam, whence Father G. Van Noort, an ex-Professor of Warmund, sends his *De Deo Redemptore* (Van Langenhuysen, 3s.), now in a second edition. Its scope is wider than that of Dr. Coglan's, for it embraces expressly the

redemptive work of Christ and the place of our Lady in the scheme of salvation; on the other hand the treatment is more summary. Father Van Noort's *Tractatus de Sacramentis. Fasc. Prior.* (Van Langenhuyzen, 5s. 6d.) has also reached a second revised edition; we hope the concluding portion of this treatise is in process of preparation.

There is little to find fault with and much to praise in the execution of Mr. J. P. Gannon's *The Plaint of the English Muse* (Kegan Paul, 2s. 6d. net.). The metre is smooth and musical, the phrasing often highly picturesque and vigorous. And the general idea, too, is sound, viz., that great poetry is never materialistic, but springs from ideals revealed by faith. It is only when the author tries to fit the facts of English poetic history to this idea, that adverse criticism finds scope. The series of stanzas, describing the aims and achievements of each great bard from Chaucer onwards, though full of happy touches, are inevitably inadequate—how could an estimate of a poet, with all necessary qualifications, be presented in eight five-foot lines? And, in spite of the spirit of industrialism, which was rampant already at the beginning of the nineteenth century, poets of the second, if not of the first rank, have arisen in England since.

A variety of themes, with a corresponding diversity of metres and tones, occupies the Muse of Father William F. Power, S.J., whose little volume *The King's Bell and other Verses* (St. Stanislaus' College: Tullamore), is printed and published abroad, not with any gain to its appearance. But it is the product of a genuine poetic faculty with a saving sense of humour.

The Garden Enclosed (Art and Book Co., 5s. net.), by M. Mansfield, is also printed abroad, and not well corrected for the press. It contains some gleanings of Franciscan literature from a fifteenth century MS. of the *Fioretti*, which appear in English for the first time in this edition. The subjects are incidents in the life of St. Francis, and the translator has rendered them into a language befitting their simple quaintness. He also contributes a scholarly Introduction. The high price of the booklet may be accounted for by the inclusion of ten photogravures from paintings at Assisi and Montefalco.

The Rev. Father Celestine, O.M. Cap., has published *Eternity* (Wagner, New York), a course of seven sermons on that great theme which will make appropriate reading for the season of Lent.

We mentioned in January the elaborate study made by M. l'Abbé Jules Thomas, of Dijon, on *Le Concordat de 1516: ses origines: son histoire au XVI^e Siècle* (Picard, 7.50 fr. per volume), as affording a practical method of studying the true relations between Church and State. The appearance since of two additional volumes—*Les Documents Concordataires*, and *Histoire au XVI^e Siècle*—confirm that impression, although they would make the study very exhaustive indeed. For the Abbé not only prints the documents, but subjects each to a preliminary analysis, and then traces in great detail the effect of the whole agreement on the affairs of France, political and religious, during the rest of the century. The entire work is a contribution of great merit, not only to that particular period of French history, but also to the study of Church polity in general, and we congratulate the learned author on its happy conclusion.

Already eight volumes have been written by Professor Albert Dufourcq, of Bordeaux, on a subject which, as far as it has yet gone, bears the somewhat misleading title of *L'Avenir du Christianisme*. For this instalment of the work, of which the third edition is now passing through

the press, deals entirely with the past. The fifth volume before us comprises the second part of the *Histoire de l'Eglise du III^e au XI^e Siècle* (Bloud, 3.50 fr.), and deals with the gradual spreading of the Church from the East to the West, on the division of the Empire, and its subjection of the barbarians who overthrew the Western Empire. M. Dufourcq's graphic pages show how the invasion of the secular spirit, especially the rights over elections of Bishops claimed by feudal lords, towards the end of this period well-nigh ruined the Church, and how, under Providence, the preservation of the Christian ideal was due to monasticism.

If M. Dufourcq continues his work on the present scale it may easily reach a score of volumes. In *Histoire de l'Eglise* (Bloud, 3.00 fr.), by L. David, and P. Lorette, we have an instance of the opposite extreme, for their volume of 300 pages takes in the whole period, from the first Pentecost to the present day. Their intention, of course, is only to give a general survey for the use of schools, and, allowing for the fact that they have naturally devoted more space to the Church in France than in other lands, they have succeeded admirably. The book is well-arranged with many clear sub-divisions and useful chronological tables.

Father Henry Banckaert, C.S.S.R., in *A Decade of Instructions concerning Purgatory* (Burns and Oates, 1s. net), pleads eloquently for those who cannot plead for themselves, showing how, although there is much that is consoling in the state of the Holy Souls and nothing defective in their sublime patience, the truest and most acceptable charity is to use all possible means to hasten their release.

In *Gedanken und Ratschlaege Homiletische* (Herder, 1s, 3d.), Bishop von Keppler of Rottenburg has published a score of short sermons on topics to which the modern preacher should pay special care. Beginning, and also ending, with the subjects *ennui* and pessimism, the Bishop at first attacks these characteristic faults with vigour and humour, and completes their discomfiture by high principle and the promises of revelation. His "thoughts and hints" on such headings as—"Modern Science," "Doctrinal, not Doctrinaire," "Our own : our best," "The Social Sermon," "Consolation," and the like—are not only sane and thoughtful, they are also amusing and lively, as well as suggestive and encouraging.

That Reginald Pecock is an extremely interesting writer, few who are acquainted with his *Represser of over-much blaming of the Clergy* will be found to dispute. Still we think that Mr. J. L. Morison has over-estimated the importance of the *Book of Faith* (Maclehose and Sons, 5s. net), of the same fifteenth century writer. Such value as it possesses is rather in so far as it tends to illustrate the developments of the writer's mind than in the light that it sheds upon the history or even the theology of the times in which he lived. We miss those many personal touches which light up the *Represser*. None the less Pecock, though he fared badly in his own generation, was a remarkable man, and we cannot but be glad that the text of one of his most ambitious works should be edited from the unique manuscript in Trinity College, Cambridge. Mr. Morison's editing is in every way admirable and his Introduction does the fullest justice to his subject.

In a little work called the *Handbook of the Divine Liturgy* (Kegan Paul, 3s. 6d. net), the Rev. Cowley Clarke has collected some rather disjointed notes and quotations referring to the Mass. Still, from its compact size, its choice of important features and subjects of discussion, and the value of the opinions represented, we do not doubt that the volume will be found

practically very useful. It is preceded by a transcription of the Ordinary of the Mass in clear type, and there are Appendices on one or two points of special importance such as "Liturgical Language," "Vestments," "Music and the Liturgy," and "the Ceremony of the *Sancta Sanctis* and the *Fermentum*." An Introduction is contributed by his Lordship the Bishop of Clifton.

A similar work of rather ampler scope is that of the Rev. Arthur Devine, Passionist, *The Ordinary of the Mass Historically, Liturgically, and Exegetically Explained* (Washbourne, 5s. net.). We cannot altogether commend those portions of Father Devine's work which are more distinctively historical and liturgical, but, for the faithful at large, accuracy in these matters or exact harmony with the latest pronouncements of an ever-changing scholarship is perhaps of secondary importance. The book is well calculated to make for edification, and we do not doubt that it will help many to assist at the Holy Sacrifice with profit to their souls.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

(Reviewed in present issue or reserved for future notice).

FROM THE AUTHORS.

Leaves from Tyburn Tree. Gathered by two Oblates of St. Benedict. Pp. 40. Price, 3d. 1911. *Boletín Mensual del Observatorio del Ebro.* February, March, April. 1910. *The King's Bell, and Other Verses.* By W. F. Power, S. J. Pp. 96. 1910.

ART AND BOOK COMPANY, London.

The Garden Enclosed. By M. Mansfield. Pp. 67. Price, 5s. net. 1911.

BURNS AND OATES, London.

Heroic Spain. By E. Boyle O'Reilly. Pp. viii, 440. Price, 7s. 6d. net. 1911. *Leaves from my Diary, 1894-1896.* By Francis Aidan Gasquet. Pp. iv, 75. Price, 2s. 6d. net. 1911.

CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY PRESS.

The Meaning of Social Science. By A. W. Small. Pp. vii, 309. Price, 6s. net. 1910. *Pragmatism and its Critics.* By A. W. Moore. Pp. xi, 283. Price, 5s. net. 1910. *The Apologies of Justin Martyr.* By A. W. F. Blunt. Pp. lviii, 154. Price, 7s. 6d. net. 1911.

CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY, London.

The Catholic Social Year-Book for 1911. Pp. 188. Price, 6d. net. 1911. *Several Penny Pamphlets.*

CLARENDON PRESS, Oxford.

John the Presbyter and the Fourth Gospel. By Dom John Chapman, O.S.B. Pp. 108. Price, 6s. net. 1911.

CONSTABLE AND CO., London.

Epicurus. By A. E. Taylor. Pp. 122. Price, 1s. net. 1911.

GABALDA ET CIE., Paris.

Sainte Fare: sa Vie et son Culte. By H. M. Delsart. Pp. xv, 372. Price, 3.50 fr. 1911.

HERDER, London.

Christianity and the Leaders of Modern Science. By K. A. Kneller, S.J. Translated by T. M. Kettle, M.P. Pp. 403. Price, 6s. net. 1911.

KEGAN PAUL AND CO., London.

The Complaint of the English Muse. By John Patrick Gannon. Pp. 61. Price, 2s. 6d. 1910.

LETHIELLEUX, Paris.

Georges Sand, Mlle. de Montpensier, Mme. de La Fayette, Mme. de Sévigné (four vols.). By C. Lecigne. Pp. 125 each. Price, 0.60 fr. each. 1911. *Lexicon Biblicum.* Editore M. Hagen, S.J. 3 Vols. Coll. 1,041, 1,000, 1,342. Price, 18.00, 12.00, 16.00 fr. 1905, 1907, 1911. *Le Royaume de Dieu.* By P. Louis Perroy. 2e édit. Pp. 304. Price, 3.50 fr. 1911. *Le Père Ollivier, O.P.* By P. A.-M. Rouillon, O.P. Pp. vi, 208. 1911. *L'Âme d'un Grand Catholique.* 2 Vols. By G. Cerceau. Pp. 359, 364. Price, 7.00 fr. 1911.

LONGMANS AND CO., London.

The Religion of the Englishman. By Rev. H. Mackay. Pp. 63. Price, 1s. net. 1911. *Science of Education.* By T. P. Keating, B.A. Reissue. Pp. 130. Price, 2s. 6d. net. 1911. *The Church of the First Three Centuries.* By T. A. Gurney, M.A. Pp. 128. Price, 1s. net. 1911.

PICARD ET FILS, Paris.

Eusèbe: Histoire Ecclesiastique. Livres V.—VIII. Greek Text with French translation by Emile Grapin. Pp. 561. Price, 5.00 fr. 1911.

WAGNER, New York.

Little Sermons on the Catechism. From the Italian of the Cardinal-Archbishop of Pisa. Pp. iv, 216. Price, \$ 1.00. 1911. *Duty: Twelve Conferences to Young Men.* By Rev. William Graham. Pp. 120. Price, \$ 0.75. 1911. *Easy Catechetics for the First School Year.* By Rev. A. Urban. Pp. 108. Price, \$ 0.60. 1911. *Eternity: a Lenten Course of Sermons.* By Rev. Celestine, O.M. Cap. Pp. 68. 1911. *Marriage and Parenthood: the Catholic Ideal.* By Rev. Thomas Gerrard. Pp. 179. Price, \$ 1.00. 1911.

WASHBOURNE, London.

St. Charles Borromeo. By Louise M. Stacpoole-Kenny. Pp. 239. Price, 3s. 6d. 1911. *The Inner Life and Writings of Dame Gertrude More.* Vol. II. Edited by Dom B. Weld-Blundell. Pp. xiv, 290. Price, 5s. 1911.

WATKINS, London.

The Path of the Eternal Wisdom. By John Cordelier. Pp. 151. Price, 2s. net. 1911.

SOME FOREIGN REVIEWS.

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I.

Revue d'Histoire Ecclésiastique (1911.) I.

- C. Callewaert.*—The legal aspect of the first Persecutions.
L. Bril.—The Beginnings of Christianity in Sweden—the Hamburg evidence.
G. Constant.—The Transformation of Anglican Public Worship under Edward VI.

II.

Revue Pratique d'Apologétique. February 1 and 15.

- L. Andrieux.*—The Age of First Communion for Children who have reached years of Discretion.
A. Perrin.—The Republican Almanack.
H. Lesêtre.—Pope Pius X. on Preaching.
L. Labauche.—Letters to a student upon the Holy Eucharist.
J. Gimazane.—The critical condition of our study of Latin.

III.

Stimmen aus Maria Laach. (1911.) II.

- J. Bessmer.*—What we are taught in the *Motu proprio* "Sacrorum Antistitum."
C. Pesch.—Intellectualism and anti-Intellectualism.
P. Saedler.—The Poor School and the German Educational Exhibit at the Brussels Exhibition.
H. Pesch.—A New Light on national Economy.
E. Wassmann.—Professor Branca on fossil man.

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- L. Murillo.*—The Synoptic Apocalypse.
L. Frias.—Altamira's History of Spain and the Expulsion of the Jesuits.
N. Noguer.—Owen as judged by Balmes.
J. Bover.—The Style of the Fourth Gospel.
J. March.—The apologetic value of Ramon Marti's "Explanatio Symboli Apostolorum."
C. Gomez Rodeles.—Works printed by the early Jesuits of the Missions of the Levant.

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- The Oath against Modernist errors.
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 British Rule in India in 1910.
 Solomon Reinach's *Orpheus*.
 The Principles of Christian Education.
 The revolutionary Internationalism of Freemasonry.
 Theosophy and Divine Revelation.
 Gospel Chronology.

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- A. Durand.*—The Text of the New Testament.
P. Bernard.—Leo Tolstoi.
E. Bellut.—A Survey of the German Universities.
J. Brucker.—The Pope and the Council in the fifteenth century.
P. Dudon.—Recent History.
A. Vermeersch.—The Church and the Right of the Sword.

